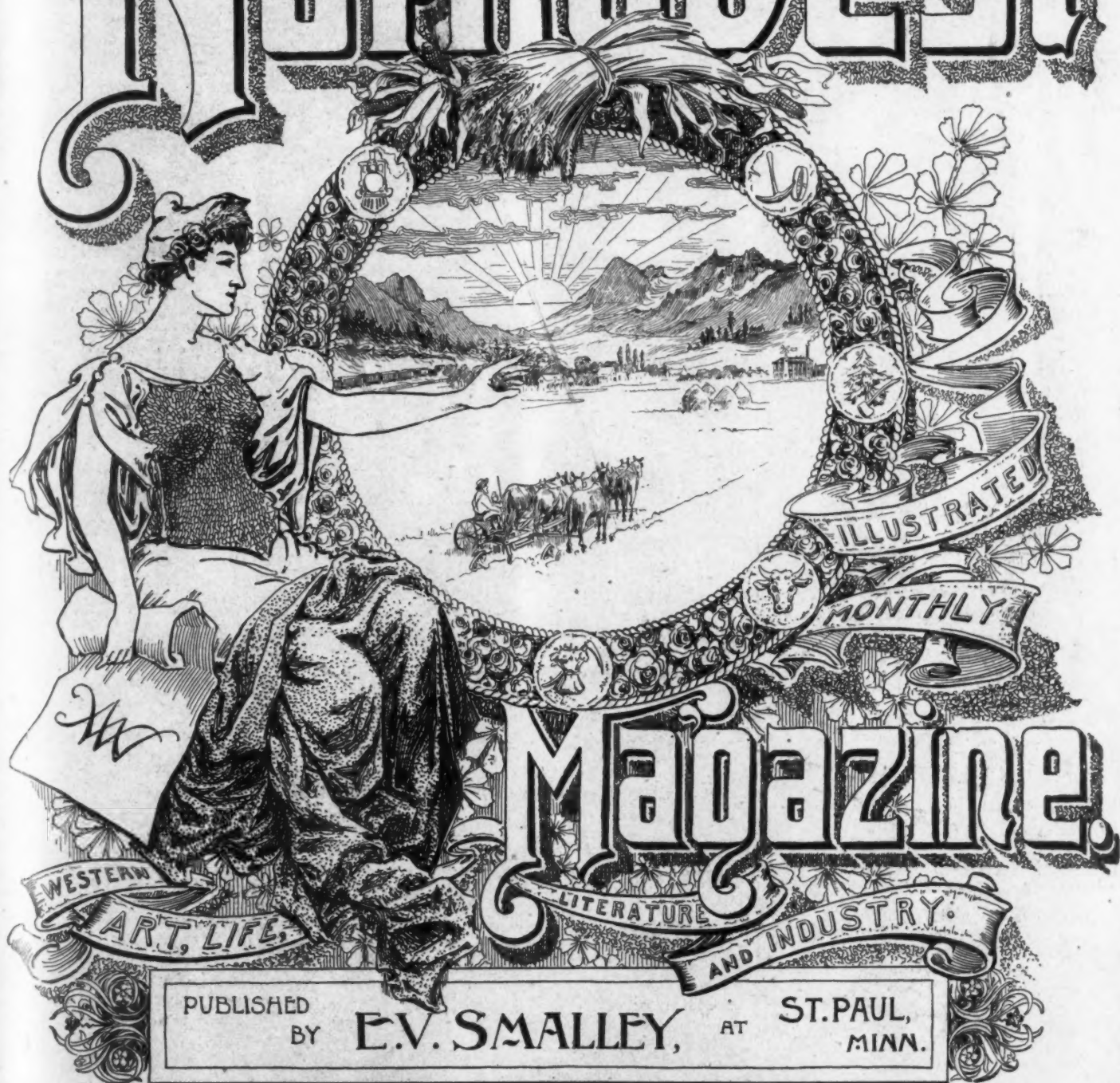




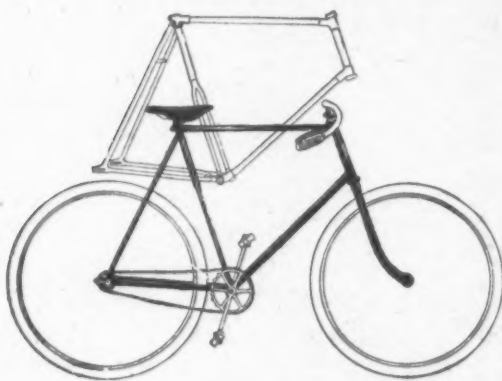
JUNE, 1896. VOL. XIV. NO. 6.

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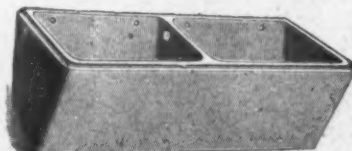
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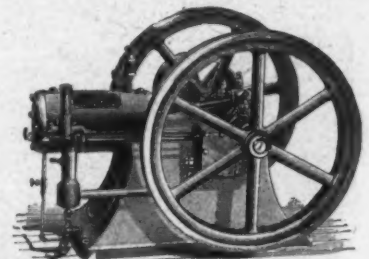
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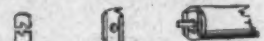
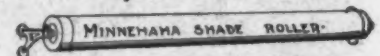
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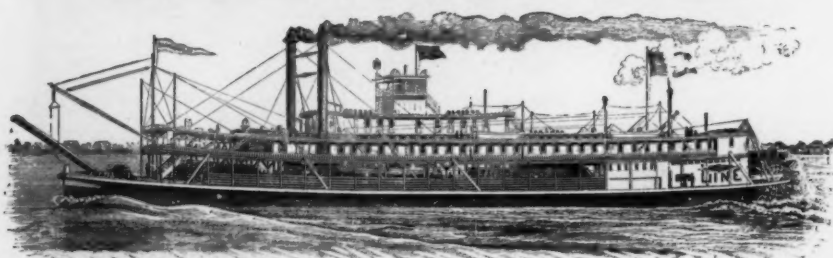


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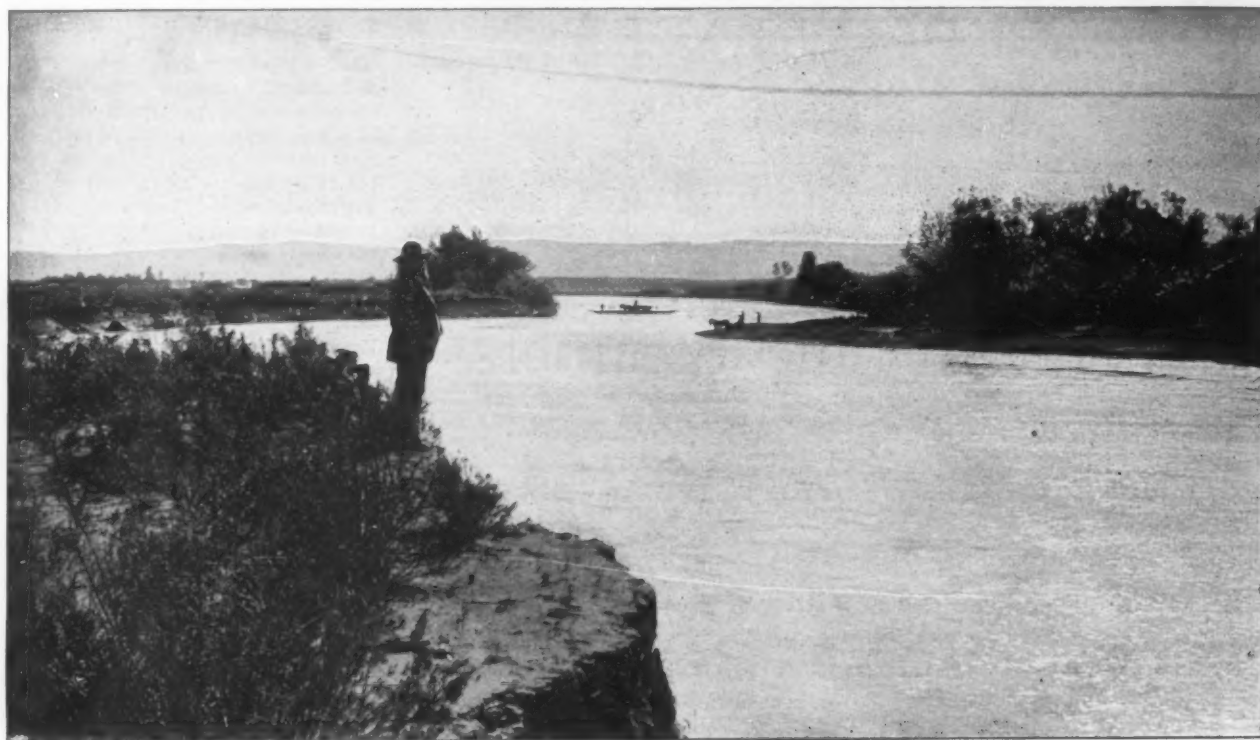
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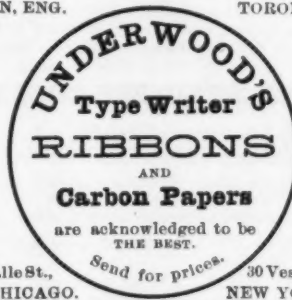
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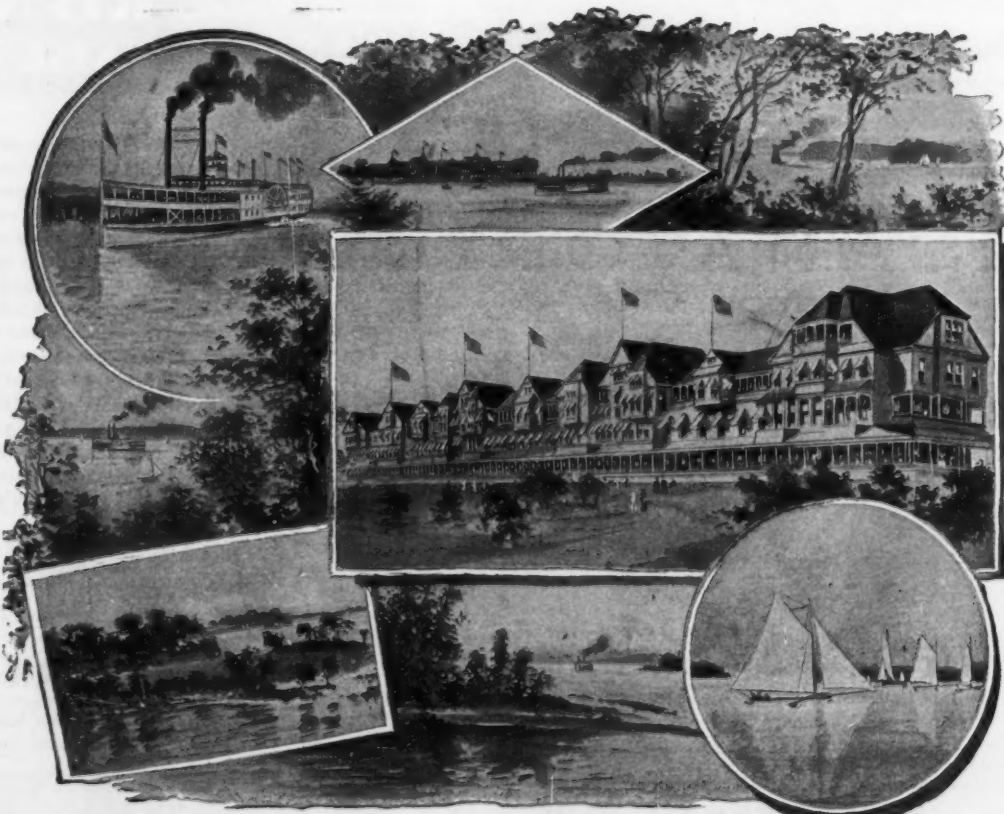
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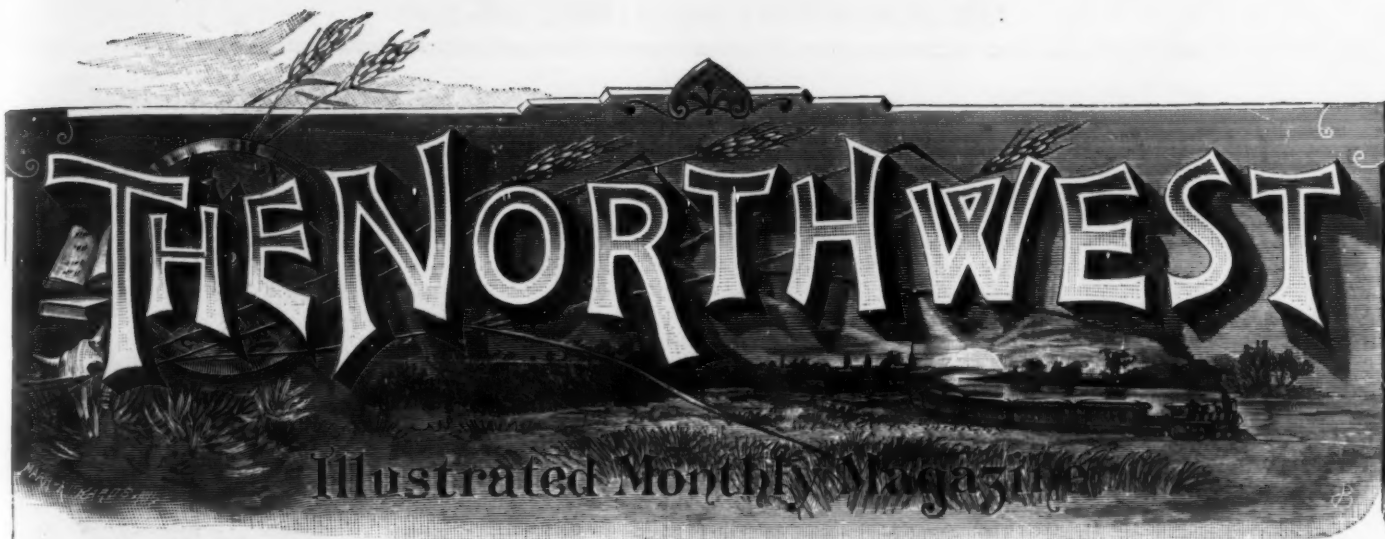
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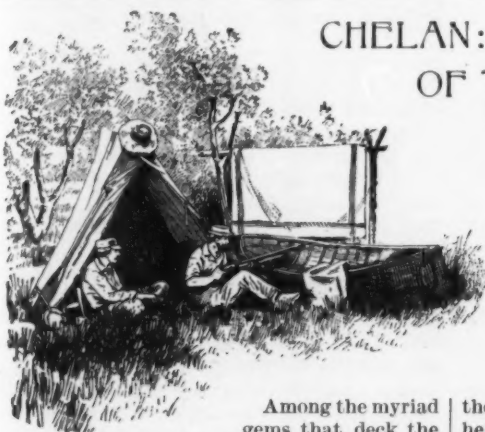


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VOL. XIV.—No. 6.

ST. PAUL, JUNE, 1896.

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Among the myriad  
gems that deck the  
lofty and jagged Cascade

Mountains, bearing in their icy bosoms the jewel-colors of their tributary glaciers, not another is so notable as Lake Chelan. This unique body of water is one of the great feeders of the mighty Columbia, that deep, cold, swift-flowing River of the Mountains which begins its existence in the Rockies, or a spur of the same—a narrow, emerald-tinted stream that flows northward and then turns abruptly southward to take into itself the whole aqueous downpour from the eastern slope of the Cascades as well as that of the parallel western slope of the Rockies.

Lake Chelan pours its ice-cold flood, collected in a fathomless reservoir from glaciers, snow-fields and upper-mountain lakes, through a deep mountain gorge, thereby forming the Chelan River, its outlet, only three miles in length, but in that short distance having a fall of three hundred feet, the torrent thus joining in a mad race with thousands of similar streams hurrying to their common channel, the Columbia River—their ultimate goal being the illimitable Pacific.

To speak geographically, Lake Chelan is situated very near the center of the State of Washington, trending from northwest to southeast almost parallel with its gigantic neighbor, Puget Sound. It is a long, narrow, tortuous body of glacial water lying in a great fissure which cleaves the very heart of the Cascade Range. Of the hundreds of lakes adorning this great belt of broken pyramids, Chelan is the largest, being seventy miles in length, three to five miles wide in places, but often much narrower. Its elevation, within fourteen miles of the upper end, is eleven hundred feet above sea-level; its depth is undetermined. In some localities the sound-

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By E. I. Denny.

ing-line found no bottom at 1,400 feet.

Out of this profundity rise broken, rocky precipices to unmeasured heights, and above them tower the mountain peaks at an altitude of 8,000 feet or more—perpetually radiant with ice and snow. The frowning rocky walls on either hand produce the impression that one is traveling the deep canyon of some mysterious river; the heights above and depths beneath are awe-inspiring. I recognize the difficulty of enabling others to see with one's own eyes, yet, with the aid of photography, brush and pen, I hope to convey both pleasure and information to all who desire to follow these lines.

But, first of all, let me tell the reader how that strange Western name is spoken and in what manner I reached this mountain-shadowed retreat. If there is anything in a name, much of it lies in the pronunciation that is given it. Chelan is pronounced Sha-lan (a as in ran, accent on the last syllable). The name falls softly and pleasantly on the ear and is of Indian origin—given so long ago, by the native inhabitants, that no Indian now living can tell either its origin or its meaning.

To reach and to enjoy this charming region the Eastern tourist may make Spokane, in Washington, his objective point, where he can easily choose his route for the remainder of the journey. The writer, who visited Lake Chelan in the fall of 1894, had the advantage of a Western initial point, proceeding from Seattle to Wenatchee on the Columbia River—a distance by rail of about 143 miles; by steamer up the Columbia to Chelan Falls—a journey of forty miles; thence five miles staging over a mountain road to Lakeside, and a final sixty miles on Lake Chelan by steamer. This brief statement covers a multitude of possibilities, as the journey proved arduous. Indeed, a trip across the continent would have been easier. A part of the route was dangerous, a part uncomfortable, rough, and wearisome. On the western side, very careful engineering was required to surmount the natural obstacles which opposed the invaders of the mountain solitudes—notably the building of the famous switch-back in the

Cascades, where seven tracks wind one above another in a way that makes the traveler dizzy, but which provides the eye with a rich feast of sky-piercing peaks and masses of magnificent evergreen forests which stretch away as far as the vision can follow and cover the sides of the pyramidal mountains from the base to the line of perpetual snow, other attractions consisting of waterfalls, possible snowslides, precipices and abysses, until the veriest Philistine might almost be induced to regard the face of nature with a passing interest. Until within a few years, the only mode of travel by which the heights might be overcome was by mounting the, notorious cayuse, of uncertain temper and certain ill-repute—time, patience and toughness being required of him who journeyed there. Even now, a cultivated ability to rough it is a valuable acquisition to the Western itinerant.

Having roamed up and down Puget Sound for many years, camping, sailing, sketching and hunting—on Hood Canal in the shadow of the Olympics, on the forest-clad shores of Admiralty Inlet, and the wave-lashed isles of the Archipelago De Haro, it occurred to certain persons hereinafter designated that there are wonderful things "beyond the mountains, also."

## OKANOGAN CO.



MAP OF LAKE CHELAN AND THE ADJACENT MOUNTAIN REGION.





"Out of this profundity rise broken, rocky precipices to unmeasured heights."



"A rich feast of sky-piercing peaks and magnificent evergreen forests."

Stories told of Lake Chelan—its scenery, game, fish, forest and other productions—appealing attractively to the imagination, it was decided to interrogate the region in person. Supplies, guns, dogs, ammunition, camera and sketching outfit were collected and packed as snugly as possible, and, this done, our party was ready to start on the long ride eastward to Wenatchee on the Columbia River.

We crept along very slowly and cautiously for awhile—past high, rolling sand-banks fringed with crooked firs, weird and dark, the scintillant stars quivering through their boughs and a giddy young moon dancing in and out among the dusky tree-tops in a capricious and coquettish way. The trees began to exemplify the progress of species, growing taller and more dense until they reached a great height and presented an unbroken mass covering the mountain slopes on either hand. The sun peeped up from a notch in the towering Cascades with a wild, fiery eye suggestive of midnight orgies or smoke; we judged it was the latter, as the forest fires were raging. Over the wonderful switch-back—where the train moved carefully back and forth from one spur track to another—and always up, up, up, until the water-tanks below looked like thimbles. We were in the midst of some of the noblest scenery I have ever beheld. Still on we went, however,—on to the summit, with a brief stop at Leavenworth and then down the Tumwater Canyon and along the bewitching Wenatchee—past fruit orchards and grain-fields, the maple and sumach glowing with fiery autumnal color and the sunburnt stubble and mountainsides affording a stern

contrast with the vivid green of the irrigated patches of alfalfa.

After a sweltering hour or two in warm Wenatchee the mercury at 99° in the shade, the heat became oppressive to the travelers from mild Western Washington, where the air is generally moist and cool, and a change from woolen garments to summer attire was found desirable. The peaches, grapes and melons on the great fruit farms in the vicinity of Wenatchee owe their lusciousness, no doubt, to this same fervid climate.

We were driven over a bit of shocking road, its condition explained by the force of men at work rebuilding the one washed away by the great flood of June, 1894. Creeks, lakes and rivers rose far above their ordinary high-water marks, the accumulated snow and ice of the two years previous melting and rushing down at once. The average annual rise of the Columbia is fifty feet; it reached sixty-four feet above low-water in 1894, which, according to the Indians, is the highest it has been for sixty years past. Of these picturesque inhabitants, so dear to the artist's heart, but few were to be seen, as it was harvesting and hop-picking time. Three or four, possibly Yakimas, passed by as we drove to the steamboat landing, one of whom attracted particular attention by his costume, the same consisting of a pair of very wide red, green and purple-striped trousers, a pink calico shirt, and a little red shawl crossed in front like a klotchman's (Indian woman). His face looked immobile as that of a wooden image, yet at the greeting of "Kla-how-ya!" playfully given by the artist, his countenance relaxed in a pleased smile.

Traveling up the Columbia is attended with some danger and no little excitement. The river is nowhere less than forty-five feet deep in mid-channel, but rocks, rapids and bars keep the pilot busy. The steamer "City of Ellensburg," on which we embarked, a good-sized boat, built strongly, like a Mississippi River craft, with two large smoke-stacks in the bow, puffed and struggled against the current with all her might. The great river flows swiftly southward between high bluffs of a tawny hue, contrasting forcibly, in the fall at least, with the ever-

green country on Puget Sound. Not a green thing was visible anywhere, except the occasional alfalfa fields and peach orchards.

The bluffs now advanced, then receded—leaving, sometimes, a solitary rock either at the brink or jutting out in the stream, as if to reassert the strength of the hills against the flood. One of these, a fragment of a mountain, bore on its crest a huge eagle's nest, and a fit resting place it looked for the proud bird of freedom! A few gnarled pines increased the effect of picturesque desolation. At the En-ti-at rapids we enriched our experience. There the main stream is invaded by the En-ti-at-quia River, a bar and a small island dividing the Columbia into three channels. With I do not know what pressure of steam, an attempt was made to run the rapids. The furnace roared, the engine rattled, and the boat paddled in mid-stream, almost evenly matched with the current, only to drop back into an eddy where she stuck on a shoal. Captain and crew went out on the bar, put a hawser around a big drift-log, and started the engine. But this only seemed to make matters worse. Then they rigged a pry astern and pushed off, to start up stream and repeat the failure. At the third or fourth trial the boat drifted back, and then came a shock as of giant hands bending the vessel's frame.

"What was that?" I asked, looking out of a window.

"We're hung up on a rock!" one of the men replied, gruffly.

It was growing dark, and our situation was not reassuring. The prospect of being blown up, or else swept away in the boiling rapids, was not agreeable to contemplate. Finally there were hurrying feet along the deck, with a medley of yells and shouts, and all at once we shot off again into the hissing current. After a while it was decided to tie up behind the island, upon which decision we retired to rest.

At dawn the next day, by means of a kedge and cable put out on the island, the rapids were overcome safely and easily and about twenty-four hours were spent between Wenatchee and Chelan Falls.

At Chelan Falls, signs of the flood appeared in ruined buildings and acres of deposits. There the steamer left us to ascend the Columbia to the head of navigation at the mouth of the Okanogan, seventy miles away.

A perilous and unpleasant ride up and over the divide covered us with dust, but the sight of the Chelan River was refreshing and en-



"One of those picturesque inhabitants."



couraging. Unique in situation and character, blue as ocean waves, it rushes through a deep, bald, almost treeless canyon of yellow and gray rock, the walls of which form a favorable contrast to the indigo stream that breaks in snowy foam-wreaths over a multitude of boulders, perhaps three hundred feet below, where the timorous tourist, holding the hand of a brawny guide, peeps over into the chasm. I have seen bays, lakes, inlets, rivers, creeks and pools in many places, and I have seen the ocean as well, but no river or other body of water has such a tone of bright, rich, transparent blue, like unto a precious stone.

At Lakeside we were glad to look past plummy pines and rest our eyes on a silvery stretch of water, assured, at last, that before us lay the long-sought Lake Chelan!

A night of refreshing sleep prepared even the feeble ones for the remainder of the journey. At eight o'clock we boarded the steamer "Stehekin"—to spend the greater part of the day in ascending the lake through a thick veil of smoke, which only permitted tantalizing glimpses of the grand scenery, although the craft was kept accommodately near the shore. What giants were these, half-shrouded in the gray gloom! Now and then a light breeze swept aside the curtain and single peaks, fragments of a great panorama, captivated the vision with their solitary greatness.

At last we arrived at Rail Road Creek, our destination, and heard the welcome cry of "All ashore!" A first-class camping site was located on the white, sandy beach. We named it "Si-ya (far away) Camp," and far away from anywhere in particular it seemed to be. Ample shade, running water and plenty of driftwood insured our comfort, and as for pleasure the hunters, anglers, artists, photographer, botanist, and mineralogist, might each and all find an embarrassment of riches.

At first, only ghostly outlines of the distance were visible, but a strong north wind and accompanying shower soon cleared the air, and then we saw—"Lake Chelan!" The southern shores of Lake Chelan afford a rich, yet simple, color theme. The foot-hills and lowlands of large, almost treeless, areas, are yellow as a lion's mane, in autumn, while the water is a strong, glacial blue. The somber pines, that march up the gorges and capture the heights, are dark and scarcely green—veiled in the azure atmosphere they are a rich purple; the receding shores, where the hills rise joyfully in jocund

peaks, being lilac, pinkish and gray. These features are strongly accentuated as one ascends the lake—until hills become mountains, lowlands disappear, and crags, cliffs, peaks, glaciers, forests, rocks and streams, in varied color and majestic mingling, appear around. The water, owing to its origin and great depth, presents a startling intensity of tone. The effect, under a light breeze, is sharp cobalt blue varied with bands of emerald shifting to and fro over the moving surface. Deep, green-blue trenches on bright, clear emerald, where it suddenly shoals. If a solemn stillness prevails, added to the strength of local color are masses of pine forest, gray rocks, tawny herbage and distant blue-gray peaks mirrored in a deep, dark world below.

The atmospheric effects in mountain views of the Northwest are an interesting study. The apparent diminution in the height of a mountain range at or after sunset, is very striking. Twilight dwindles them to a bank of gray on the horizon; clear daylight advances and exaggerates them until one may mark every canyon, count each glittering peak and watch the

flitting cloud-shadows on the snow-fields. But mere words can never express the wordless symphony of nature.

As we had hoped,—to recall the human element of this narrative,—fresh air, pure, cold water, agreeable exercise and a generous diet, which included a variety of game, soon put roses in pale cheeks and vigor into weak nerves. Tramping up the trail to hunt, sketch, botanize, or to get up the canyon where the trout snapped at bits of red silk or flannel, morsels of bacon, or anything whatever that might be dropped in their vicinity, was a chief diversion. In late autumn the game retires very high, following the fresh, green pasturage and later ripening berries. Silvertip bear, mountain goat, deer, and cougar, are very numerous. Great flocks of blue grouse and pheasant or ruffed grouse follow the feeding-grounds—literally a movable feast, ascending the sides of the mountains as the season advances.

Of the vegetation, no written botany speaks. Broad mats of a western arctostaphylos—the leaves of which the Indians of Puget Sound



LAKE CHELAN, WASHINGTON, LOOKING NORTH FROM RAIL ROAD CREEK.



"At 8 o'clock we boarded the steamer Stehekin for a trip on Lake Chelan."



"Si-ya Camp on the white, sandy beach at First Creek."

used to smoke—with gnarly, prostrate, red branches, suggesting madrona boughs, spread over the rocks and sandy benches. Blue elderberries, loaded with the lovely fruit, which possesses a heavy bloom; scarlet choke-cherries in profusion; aromatic beach herbs; large Balm of Gilead trees; pines, firs, maples, spiraea, wild rose-bushes—all these and many more stood around the camp everywhere. The pine, a noble variety with very long, fragrant needles, much yellow moss and sweet mistletoe, is a wild, one-sided and decidedly Japanesque growth on the banks of the Columbia, but on the sides of the mountains it attains a considerable height and pleasing symmetry. Although late, the crimson mimulus, willow herb, spice-bush, spiraea, and a rose-colored variety of Castilleja, were in bloom at or near the lake shore. There was a multitude of fascinating seed-pods to gather and ponder over. Digging for lily bulbs became a fad indulged in by every member of the party, regardless of age, sex, or previous condition of indifference. These homely brown bulbs seemed to the fancy precious storehouses of unknown beauty, to be carried far away to bloom again under strange skies. Not a single specimen of aquatic vegetation was to be seen,

rent, as the waters grind and whirl over the boulders with great violence.

It is easily imagined that the escaped giant of the glacier shouts and sings in wild, tempestuous glee as he goes on his way seeking to join the thunders of the ocean waves. Mysterious sounds float about the canyon and mountain-sides—now here, now there; one could neither tell where nor what they might be—whether some one called from the camp or from the trail, or if it were bird or beast calling to its young. Such haunting echoes I have never heard elsewhere.

Small wonder that the Indians have strange superstitions and wild fancies concerning Lake Chelan! One idea is that of a huge dragon rushing down the mountainside to devour canoes and their hapless occupants. The avalanche, rockslide or cloudburst might each of them find a representation in this monster. Another belief, for which certainly no suggestion may be found in nature, sets forth the existence of men and horses at the bottom of the lake. Not even their Catholic priest has been able to shake their faith in these myths.

Our camp at First Creek was directly opposite the Chelan Indian Reservation, a fine farming district about ten miles up the lake. This

time. On one memorable occasion a marauding tribe tried to kill off the Che-lan-a. His people went up the lake on the west or north side near the head, and occupied a place whence they could overlook the lake, but could not be seen from land. They had prepared for this battle, long before, by storing their goods for a siege. The Che-lan-a whipped the enemy, captured their canoes, and left them to their fate. They say that the foot-trail over the summit of the Cascades, along the Stehekin River and down to the Skagit River, has been traveled from time immemorial by small parties of Puget Sound Indians who came to gather berries and were permitted to go unmolested.

The famous Painted Rocks, near the head of the lake, are supposed to commemorate battles and to point out hunting-grounds. Evidently the work is very ancient, since it would appear that no living Indian possesses even a tradition of them. The figures are on the face of a perpendicular rock about thirty feet above the surface of the lake. Mr. Woodin says that they were in all probability painted while the artists stood in canoes and when the lake was a great deal higher than it ever is now.

The Indians are devout Catholics, holding



MOORE'S POINT, LAKE CHELAN, "after hours of chafing under the north wind."



"Miners' cabins, built solidly of pine logs, are scattered sparsely along the lake."

and the lower forms of life seemed to be absent.

The precipitous shores of Lake Chelan now and then drop reluctantly into charming coves with white, sandy beaches, glittering suggestively with metallic particles, while other portions are thickly covered with rough, angular fragments of rock. At Rail Road Creek the gigantic boulders of granite, quartz, marble, zinc-rock and many other forms of a great multiplicity of tint, provoked the curious regard of every one in camp. A cloudburst had visited the head of the stream during the previous summer, which changed its course and strewn the gorge with immense pieces of rock, wrenched from the mountain side, and great tree trunks that were broomed in an astonishing way. Indeed, the river seemed to have veered to every point of the compass during its history, not at all particular as to the route by which it reached the lake. As we tarried beside the raging torrent, which pours furiously down from a glacier seventeen miles above, a fear of its power grew within our minds and all became cautious about approaching the brink. The fierce, white waves roar and hiss down the canyon at such a rate that it was the general opinion that it would be certain death to fall into the rushing, icy cur-

rent, as the waters grind and whirl over the boulders with great violence. Though anxious to do so, I was unable to visit them, but careful inquiry has elicited some interesting information. My authority, Mr. Alvin Woodin, of Chelan, is deeply versed in Indian lore, and is an intelligent and sympathetic observer of Indian life.

Wapeto John, or Potato John, the chief of the Chelans, was born on the Columbia and not very far from the lake, where he lived until perhaps fifteen years ago, when he and his people moved to the lake and finally settled down to farming on their allotments of a section each. About the time of their removal, so the Indians say, there was a heavy earthquake which changed the bed of the Columbia River and formed the broken mountain toward Wenatchee. Wap-e-to is Chinook for potato, but John has a much more dignified cognomen—that of Nic-ter-whil-l-cum, the same as that of his father before him. He has many a tale to tell of olden times, and how the favorite battleground was toward the head of the lake. Bands of Indians, he says, came up or down the Columbia, carried their canoes across and paddled up the lake to fight in his great-grandfather's

regular and well attended services in their church twice a day.

Their mode of hunting is peculiar; they ride until game is sighted, then jump off in the snow, throw aside everything but shirt, pants and moccasins, and, bareheaded, start on their trail as hard as they can run. When they come to their game they are winded and proceed to pour a perfect fusillade into their victims. Between the hunting seasons game is very scarce at the shore of the lake; even the rattlesnakes are not usually in evidence. The truth is, I was very much afraid of them, but after beating along the bushes everywhere for several days, my mind became more at ease and I contented myself by poking and thumping all about before sitting down to sketch, and thought no more of snakes. Perhaps our fear was an exaggerated one, but on the shores of Puget Sound and in all the great forest, there is scarcely a venomous thing to wound even the most unwary. Specimens of *crotalus* are not rare east of the Cascades nor on Lake Chelan, as it appeared by asking a rancher if there were any rattlesnakes up his way.

"Well, not very many;" then, meditatively, "I've only killed twenty this year."



"Only twenty! Why, we have never seen a single rattler on the western side," replied the horrified questioner.

The prodigious appetites acquired at Si-ya Camp were the occasion of some remark, but I draw the veil over the devastation wrought, at the end of two weeks, in the stores that were intended to last three weeks! Certainly the inclination to devour everything in sight seemed to grow on us. Lake trout, brook trout, blue grouse, pheasant, each prepared in a variety of tempting ways; toothsome watermelons, muskmelons, grapes and peaches,—for which things the ranches in those regions are famous,—as well as the regulation camp dishes, disappeared with amazing celerity.

During almost every day of our sojourn the clouds blew over the northwestward mountains and rolled down their sides as if to engulf us; but they were only in play, for the showers were very light. The Cascade Range exhibits two widely different climates: while snow falls on the eastern side, rain is precipitated on the western slopes; consequently the great forest is on the Pacific Coast side. However, the bright, hot sunshine of the inland country, following the complete saturation of the soil from melting snow, develops a varied and brilliant flora. The botanical work of the whole State of Washington is yet very incomplete. The field is new, exceedingly rich and extensive, and well calculated to arouse the enthusiasm of the student and lover of nature. The amount of vegetation is enormously greater than that of California; it remains to be seen whether the variety is not greater in Washington.

Around Si-ya Camp at night the weird pines trembled in the wind, the great owls hooted loud and long, the bats flitted over our heads, the murmurings of the river seemed full of mystery, the surf roared on the beach after hours of chafing under the north wind, and, had it not been for our huge, cheerful, blazing camp-fire, it might have seemed eerie. Moreover, that was the time that jokes went round and stories were told. One day the hunters crossed the track of an enormous bear, but were not fortunate enough to see it. The suggested proximity of the plantigrade animal reminded them of some of their exciting adventures on Puget Sound in an early day, and one of the ladies recalled a time when her husband,—who had killed a great many kinds of large game,—her eldest son and herself, were besieged by a bear while they sat perched in the boughs of an alder-tree during two very long and anxious hours.

"Oh, tell us all about it!" we begged, although the majority of us had heard the story and had often visited the place. Willing to gratify us, she said:

"Well, we were out in the deep forest at a mineral spring which the Indians called Licton. The two dogs, Prince and Gyp, treed a black bear cub in a tall fir-tree on the farther side of the brook, a little way along the trail. The hunters pressed up and fired. Receiving a shot, it gave a piercing scream and, tumbling down, aroused the old bear, which, though completely hidden by the undergrowth, answered it with an enraged roar that sounded so near by that the hunters fled without ceremony, both bolting out of the brush with their eyes as big as saucers, I should think. I sat directly in the path and on the ends of some poles laid across the brook for a foot-bridge, very calmly resting and not at all excited—as yet. My boy yelled to me, at the top of his voice, 'Get up a tree, mother! get up a tree, quick! The old bear is coming!' Hearing a great turmoil at the foot of the big tree, where the dogs, old bear and two cubs were engaged in a general melee, I also thought it best to 'get up a tree.' We dashed across the brook and climbed up a medium-sized

alder-tree—Johnnie first, myself next, and my husband last and not very far from the ground. We could hear the bear crashing around through the tall bushes and ferns, growling at every step and only a little way off, but she did not come out in sight. The dogs came and lay down under the tree where we were. We watched for Bruin two long, weary hours, and then, everything being quiet, climbed down, stiff and sore, parted the bushes cautiously and reconnoitered. Johnnie climbed up a leaning tree to get a better view, but there was no view to be had, the woods were so thick. We crept along softly until we reached the foot of the big fir; there lay the wounded cub, dead! The hunters dragged it a long distance, looking back every few steps and feeling very uncertain, as they had no means of knowing the whereabouts of the enemy. I walked behind, carrying one of the guns. Perhaps I was cruel in asking Johnnie and his father if they looked behind them when they tacked the skin on the barn at home! It seemed to make everybody laugh when we told our story, but I did not think our experience altogether amusing, and I never shall forget that mother bear's roar."

None of us felt a desire to encounter an enraged bear, but the absurdity of the tree episode struck us, and as we thought of hunters sitting in a tree for two hours while the bear hunted them, it was more than we could silently contemplate and we joined in a shout of laughter.

The silvertip bear, resembling the grizzly; the agile mountain goat, the graceful deer and stealthy panther, find environment for themselves most suitable and kind—a great range of mountains, tier above tier and immediately adjacent to the lake. Two of the ladies brought

their guns and hunting costumes, and quite a discussion of dress reform arose. I confess to a development of hearty sympathy as I saw the grace and ease with which the Dianas of our party climbed over the rocks. One of them was already an expert with the rifle, able to shoot the head off a blue grouse far up in the dizzy top of a Douglas fir; the other was dared by her big brother to hit anything smaller than the side of a barn. She was willing to try, so he pegged a sheet of writing-paper, with a green leaf in the center, on a black stump at a discreet distance. Crack! crack! went the 22 Marlin Safety, and every shot pierced the paper, with five in the leaf! He brought the leaf to her, and she treasures it as a proof of her untrained ability to shoot. One day she spent much time and many cartridges shooting at fish in the lake. It was good practice and did not hurt the fish any, she remarked. In her pink blouse, tan-colored corduroy skirt and canvas leggings, she was a picturesque figure, anyhow, as well as being suitably dressed for camp life in the mountains.

The busy people who inhabit the Big Bend Country, a great farming region embraced by a gigantic elbow of the Columbia, are well aware of the value of Lake Chelan as a summer resort and hie themselves thither to rest, amuse themselves and absorb coolness, I suppose. They travel with their own teams along the wagon-road on the east side of the Columbia, pitch their tents in favorable places, and hunt fish and idle about to their hearts' content. We found traces of these merry camping parties in the children's playhouses—built of cedar posts, gay with autumn leaves and adorned with mosses and ferns yet green, left on the beach awaiting transportation.

Miners', hunters' and ranchers' cabins are



ON MOUNTAIN-TOPS NEAR LAKE CHELAN, IN THE HEART OF THE TOWERING CASCADES.



scattered sparsely along the lake. Built solidly of pine logs, and "chinked up," they are doubtless quite warm and comfortable dwellings. A clever adaptation of this pioneer architecture may occasionally be seen on the ranches of prosperous farmers, comprising well-built stories of large logs, covered with a high, steep roof to shed the winter's snow, and pretty dormers to break its severity.

Water-fowl cannot possibly frequent the lake to any great extent, as there is little or nothing for them to feed upon. I saw one each of golden plover, loon, dipper or water-ouzel, and one duck at the mouth of the Chelan River. Owls and hawks were numerous, and, as for magpies, they were a feature of the landscape, flying over our heads in great, scattering flocks. Swarms of frisky little squirrels appeared among the rocks and boldly filched from our larder, carrying off plums and nibbling the watermelons until we put the stores out of their reach.

Navigation of the lake seems pleasant and safe, although the icy depths do not look inviting, and a pile of cork jackets in the cabin of the "Stehekin" were suggestive as well as reassuring. No wharves appear and none are needed, as the steamers land readily anywhere, owing to the depth near shore.

The mineral wealth of Lake Chelan is scarcely touched and its extent and value are unknown. The Chelan mines are located at the head of Lake Chelan and extend from the summit of the Cascade Mountains along the Stehekin River and its tributaries to the lake, thence down Lake Chelan many miles. Several hundred claims have been located, mostly showing galena silver ore, and assaying from 900 ounces down. The grim mountains seem ever guarding secret treasure; but to man's courage, perseverance and ingenuity, they must eventually yield their riches.

With regret that we could not stay longer into the hunting season, yet were we glad to turn our faces toward our beloved evergreen country on Puget Sound. The first snowfall of the season greeted us from surrounding mountain-tops the morning we left Rail Road Creek. A month later and the big game would be down at the lake shore, but we were afloat on a tide that could not wait for it. Soon, where our voices rang, would resound the cry of the cougar, huge, hairy brutes would skulk among the bushes, and timid deer, grown bold, slake their thirst from the same brook whence we had dipped the sparkling water. The most perfect days fell to us for our return. The great peaks, crags, precipices and waterfalls stood out clearly and boldly near on either hand. A lively north breeze followed in our wake, rolling up white-caps which rivaled the snow-wreaths on the mountainsides. At night a great, golden moon lavishly poured its brilliant beams on the dark-blue waters from the depths of a turquoise sky, a symphony in rich blue and pale gold that I have not seen equaled elsewhere.

A day spent at Chelan Falls waiting for the steamer to take us down the Columbia, was not without its compensations. The whole party turned out to search for flint arrow-heads along a sandy level which had been overflowed. Each gathered a handful of beautiful fragments of many colors, one fine piece of obsidian among them, and much speculation was rife with regard to their origin and the probable situation of the ledges from which the flint was first obtained by the old Indian arrow-makers. The artist spent a delightful hour at the falls of the Chelan River, studying moving water. A sail up the Columbia and across the mouth of the Chelan River was somewhat alarming to the travelers. Although they declared themselves no landlubbers, the rocks and shoals looked dangerous; but the light skiff, managed by

skillful boatmen, made the rifle and landed at a point perhaps a quarter of a mile from the falls, which were reached by trudging across a sandy waste abloom with wild sunflowers. The high, sandy bluff to the eastward hid from us the great, productive farming region of the Big Bend. By ascending the height, one might have looked over a large extent of grain-growing country, but we reserved the pleasure for another visit.

At eight o'clock p. m., all were weary enough to relish the prospect of a peaceable night ashore and were fairly on the way to its realization, when several imperative "toots" from the steamer's whistle rudely admonished us to "look lively" and get aboard. As only one trip is made in a week it was thought advisable to comply, although a little grumbling was indulged in by the worn-out travelers as they plodded through the sand to the landing. Several stops were made—by moonlight, fortunately, to take on cargoes of grain from the Big Bend. All were glad that the whole distance was not to be made at night (as the river looks dangerous enough by daylight), the steamer being tied up during the remaining hours of darkness. The next day we shot down the river, with a full head of steam and aided by the powerful current, in startling contrast to the trip up the same stream. All the smoke having cleared away, the ride through the mountains was delightful beyond description. The prospect of being at home again in the bustling city of Seattle was a pleasant one, and it was with scarcely a sigh that we thought of Si-ya Camp on Lake Chelan.

#### THE GREATER MIGRATION.

The large colonies of Dunkards that are now seeking homes in the Northwestern States have given wonderful impetus to the new immigration movement. Important as these arrivals are, however, they but foreshadow the greater migration that is to follow. The great publicity that has been given to the unequalled opportunities offered settlers by the States of Washington, Oregon, Montana, Minnesota, the two Dakotas and Idaho, supplemented so thoroughly by the various railway corporations and vivified and revived by means of carefully prepared and widely circulated immigration literature, is certain to result in a flow of new population that will not reach its flood-tide for months to come.

Perhaps the most significant feature of the present Dunkard movement is the fact that these notably intelligent farmers, with the whole world to choose from, have preferred the lands, climate and opportunities of our Northwestern States to those of any other section or country. Intensely practical as they are, not a step was taken until their chosen agents had first visited the Northwest and tested its drawbacks and advantages thoroughly. Supplied with abundant means, unpinched by necessity and eminently qualified to distinguish between the good and the bad features of an agricultural region, their selection of lands in the States named is the best possible guaranty of present and future value.

These sturdy farmers are now headed mainly for North Dakota, though the Northern Pacific Railroad Company has already established several successful colonies of them in Washington and, it is thought, in Oregon. The same railway system recently transported another large colony of these people, from Indiana, Illinois and Ohio, to Foster County, near Carrington, in North Dakota. There were about 500 of them. Their homes will be made on farms that were previously selected and located by them in the six townships that have been reserved for their use in Foster County. As they have brought their household goods and farm im-

plements with them, they are prepared to enter upon their mission of husbandry at once. Upon these broad acres they will build their homes and erect their schools and churches, and here they will raise rich harvests, rear large families, construct good roads, and in every way add to the wealth and resources of the State that harbors them. Other large colonies will be cared for by the Northern Pacific in the near future. The lands adjacent to this great railway system are famed for their fertility, and it is reasonable to suppose that the present immigration movement, which is only in its infancy, will go on and on until thousands of acres of the rich prairie and valley lands of the Northwest, reaching from Minnesota to Montana and the distant Coast, shall be made to blossom with the fruits of industry and yield their treasures to the nation's granaries.

#### MINNETONKA.

O Lake Minnetonka, the gem of the Northland!

Bright are the memories thy name cause to rise,  
Soft is the sigh of thy deep, sparkling water,  
Riv'ling the blue of the clear, northern skies.

How well I recall thee, O bright spot of Nature!

Ah! many's the hour I have spent at thy side,  
Tracing the sweep of thy picturesque shore-lines,  
With naught but my own careless fancy for guide;

Or, out on thy bosom, a light skiff propelling,

Did I glide at my pleasure from inlet or bay;

How fair was the sight of thy small, cozy villas

When seen thro' the foliage, a bright summer's day!

But let the sky darken, the night clouds to gather—

The winds softly blowing in gusts here and there,  
The thunder's deep rumble thy shores would re-echo,  
Fitfully lit by the lightning's red glare.

Anon the storm breaks. How the tempest would toss thee—

Thy waves, lashed to fury, like demons would laugh!  
Unlucky was he who in carelessness braved thee,  
For terrible tales are told of thy wrath!

But always short-lived was thy rage, Minnetonka!

The cause that disturbed thee would soon pass away,  
And the moon, bursting forth from a rift in the storm-cloud,

Would people the landscape with elf and with fay.

Oh, fairy-like spot of romance and of story,

Long may thy charms gladden man's mortal eye!

Long may thy waters reflect the glad sunshine

With sparkle and dance 'neath a fair, summer sky.

CHARLES WARDWELL DRAPER.

#### THE BOOM TOWN.

The saddest of all is the cliff where the village

Looks westward, ever with unseeing eyes,

Unheeding alike the rain and the sunshine,

Forsaken, forgotten and empty it lies.

Vacant the streets are, and barren and sodden,

That echoed the feet of the hopeful and strong;

None come here now but the sea-bird and raven,

No human footfall the whole year long.

The breeze blows soft from the gentle Pacific,

The sun falls warm where the children have played,

The children have gone, now, save yon little sleepers—

Alone and forgotten, but all unafraid.

The wind blows loud, and the voice of the ocean

Tells over and over of dead men it hides;

None shudder to hear now the sea's wild commotion,—

Save the owl 'mongst the rafters, there's none else besides.

For, alas and alack! It is all unheeded—

Glamour of sunshine and voice of the sea;

The soul has gone out of the curtainless windows,

And memory only abides here with me!

ALICE D. BAUKHAGE.

#### THE SONG OF THE SOWER.

Sowing before reaping—

Strew the golden grain!

Trust it to the sunshine

And the warm, sweet rain.

Let the black earth hide it

From the watching sky;

She will keep it safely

Till the north winds die.

She will pay us richly

For each grain of gold;

She will give at harvest

Back a hundred fold.

NINETTE M. LOWATER.



## THAT FARM IN DAKOTA.

By J. C. Hildebrand.

A west-bound passenger train on the Northern Pacific Railroad was crossing the Missouri River, over the long bridge between Bismarck and Mandan, one day late in the spring of '92. In one of the tourist cars was a tired-looking woman of twenty-seven or thereabouts, accompanied by two children—a chubby-faced boy of four, and a lank, lithe bundle of nerves encased in the blackest skin that ever reflected Northern sunshine, the wearer of which appeared to have lived through eight or ten summers and to belong to the feminine creation.

The woman wore half-mourning, accentuating a naturally pale face, the outline and expression of which indicated refinement. Trials had come upon her before that great, life-long study, "Worldly Knowledge," had been fairly opened to her. Misfortune had overtaken her parents while she was yet a mere schoolgirl in Eastern Tennessee, living a life that was free from care and surrounded by everything that could add to a mortal's happiness.

It was a rude awakening to Laura Ettinger when she learned that it was to her parents' interest that she should become the wife of John Barstow, a man for whom she had always felt sincerest friendship, but never a thought of anything more. He was ten years her senior, good-natured, agreeable in his way, honorable, and lazy as the day was long. But he was the son of the wealthiest man in the county and was her chronic admirer, though he had never been able to get together enough courage, or energy, to make the fact known until his father spurred him to the point shortly after Mr. Ettinger's financial collapse.

The truth is, old Mr. Barstow recognized the girl's exceptional qualities—her decision and forbearance, cheerfulness, goodness of heart, and general mental superiority to his rather unpromising offspring, and he figured it out with himself that "she'd make a man of him." So John and Laura, one fine day, crossed the matrimonial line and stood united for life.

Laura assumed the duties of wife, as all truly noble women do, with an eye to the future and a purpose to be as happy as circumstances would permit. Her father and mother were provided for comfortably, by the grace of the senior Barstow, and a liberal allowance from the same source paid the expenses of her home—for John's earning capacity, even after a year of married life, was still undeveloped. Then his health became poor, and it was decided that a Northern prairie atmosphere was the only possible remedy. "Maybe he'll absorb some Northern git-up with it," remarked his father, as he gave his consent and the necessary check.

A day later John bade his wife and baby good-bye and started for the Northwest, accompanied by Feathers—his blooded hunting dog, and taking his gun and general outfit for a month's campaign. His equipment lacked only one thing—any sort of an idea what kind of a country he was going to, further than that it was level, treeless, and almost uninhabited. John really thought he might tread some unexplored territory within the confines of Minnesota or Dakota, if it didn't involve too much exertion.

Two weeks later John found himself in a delightfully wild, picturesque and lonely region in what is known as the West Missouri Country, in North Dakota. His company was a Mandan land agent, who "was just starting out on a

hunt himself when he was so fortunate as to fall in with Mr. Barstow," who, of course, was much pleased to meet a man who was so well acquainted with the country. After a couple of antelope had been bagged the new acquaintances became quite confidential, and John, who had absorbed just enough ozone to make him strangely buoyant, began to feel that his future home should be made there, "far from the haunts of men"—a scanty dozen miles from the railroad.

"Why, this land 'd grow most anything 'cept cotton and tobacco!" exclaimed John, as he and Mr. Jensen were eating their noonday meal on the bank of a little stream.

"Course it will," Jensen replied. "Do you know how to farm?"

"We-ll, I know enough, I gu-ess, t' make a livin' up here. How much does this kind o' land co-st?"

Jenson named a price.

"That all? Sa-a-y! I'm a-goin' t' write t' pap, soon's we get back t' tow-n, 'n' see 'f th' ol' man won't buy me a quarter 'r so."

The agent suggested that an immediate start be made, and soon they were bumping merrily along in their buckboard over the half-broken trail, the light breeze, as it rustled the tall grass that stretched away in gentle undulations in every direction, bearing to them the perfume of myriad prairie flowers.

The end of another two weeks found John Barstow in robust health and the owner of 160 acres of wild land from which no habitation nearer than three miles could be seen, the deed having been duly recorded and sent on its way to Tennessee.

"Hadn't we better take our gu-ns 'n' go out 'n' see 'f there ain't some antelope tres-pass-in' on my land?" drawled John a few days later to Jensen, as they were smoking the latter gentleman's new fancy tobacco in his office in Mandan.

"'Twould be a pretty good idea, if you're going home next week," said Jensen. "There's nothing doing here today, anyway; might as well shut up shop. Now, don't get excited, Feathers! You are the most nervous dog I ever saw." And then, turning to John, Jensen declared that, the day before, he had dropped into a little noonday snooze while Feathers was under the table, during which happy period his dreams were of the hunt. "And, do you know, that dog caught onto what was in my mind! When I awoke he was whining and hopping about and gazing up into my face for all the world like he wanted me to 'get a move on;' and when I failed to get ready for a hunt he was nearly heart-broken, and lay down by the guns in the corner and cried himself to sleep. He's an all-round mind reader—on that particular subject. Ain't you, Feathers?"

It was a beautiful day in September, when the Northwestern States are at their best and most inviting. Barstow, Jensen, and Feathers, were a happy trio. Even the skinny ponies seemed to feel better than usual as they swung along over the road like animated machines. A jack-rabbit would now and then attract Feathers' attention for a moment, but he would not bother himself today with such small fry. Then an antelope bounded like a flash across the road, a couple of rods ahead of them. John reached back of the seat hastily for his rifle. The hammer caught. In a moment his blood

was staining the matted grass by the roadside, where Jensen and the dog, helpless and stupefied by the suddenness of the event, watched his life go out!

Deep snow had weeks before hidden from sight the spot where John Barstow drew his last breath. His widow, grown since her wedding day to maturity in mind and body, missed not a sunset hour to lay upon his grave a sweet, pure offering of fresh-plucked flowers. His affection, his tenderness and open-hearted ways, were memories becoming dearer to her each day of her life, now that he was gone forever.

Three years went by, during which Laura's father and mother were laid to rest in the village churchyard, and Laura had taken up her residence in the big Barstow house near by. The idle monotony of life here was beginning to be simply unendurable to her, and she was restlessly longing for a change.

"A change of some kind I *must* have," quoth Laura Barstow vehemently to herself at the close of one long, inactive day. "There are more servants here than can find work, and father, good soul! seems to think it would be disgraceful if I were to raise a hand to do a thing. And that second wife of his—oh, my! I *know* that she and I will quarrel if I stay here much longer. There are drawbacks to being rich, as well as to being poor.

"Now, Eddie is over four years old and learning fast; but, oh, how he is being spoiled! His grandfather just thinks he is the finest boy in all Tennessee, and there's nothing he would deny him—unless it were a good, old-fashioned spanking, such as I've heard him say he used to get! I really don't know what I would do if it were not for little Caroline. She is certainly at once the blackest, most useful and most sensible child I ever saw. And how she does love Eddie! I believe she'd die if they were separated; I do, really!" Then came a new train of thought:

"What I'd like would be a quiet little home of my own, with a patch of ground where I could plant anything I liked and have chickens and ducks and pigs and a cow and some sheep and—"

There were several minutes of dreamy reverie, from which Mrs. Barstow awoke suddenly with the exclamation on her lips, "Why haven't I thought of that before?"

Something had recalled the fact that she was the owner of 160 acres of farm-land in North Dakota, the deed for which was in Mr. Barstow's safe, tied up with the tax-receipts and other papers. Why should not Mr. Barstow do that now which he had promised her to do in "his last will and testament?" Even a portion of it would suffice for all her wants.

"I'll see him this minute!" Laura decided, once her plans were made clear to herself.

She was not unprepared for the opposition to her Northern project, and she met it like a brave woman—without tears or entreaties. It was a case for argument, and Laura had her points well in hand. As anticipated, the feminine head of the household argued from a financial standpoint, while the big-hearted Southerner displayed such great, genuine, fatherly affection for the young widow and her child, that a less resolute woman would have abandoned the project. But Laura Barstow was not to be swerved. On the contrary, each moment strengthened her in her purpose. She saw in the undertaking, unpromising as were some of its features, a life of freedom, independence and usefulness compared with which her present continued existence promised a future that was blank and colorless—a dreary procession of days, months and years.

As might be expected, she won her case by a



quiet talk the next day with Mr. Barstow, when his wife was not present.

"But you'll need more money than that, daughter. It costs something to fit up even a small farm; and it wouldn't surprise me a bit if everything up there cost a great deal more than it does here. I'm afraid \$500 wouldn't go very far."

"Well, I can mortgage my farm if I need any more, I suppose?"

"Tut, tut, child! Never do that. Keep out of debt, above all things. Just write to me, if you run short. Remember that."

"And now in regard to Jenson. When I went after poor John he was a valuable friend to me; and I know that he thought a heap of John, also. Says he,—like a man that meant it, too,—'Everybody 'round here liked John. It wasn't more than a week ago that Jake Peckenheim, the banker, told me he was glad to know that John was to locate in this section. And, Mr. Barstow, I want to say to you that if you don't want that land I'll try to find a buyer for it. I—I don't know, though,—"

"I saw he was doubtful about telling me something, so I said, 'Out with it, Jenson; out with it! Tell me all about it.'"

"Well," says he, "to make a long story short, I sold him that land at a pretty fancy price, knowing that he knew nothing as to its actual worth; but after I got better acquainted with John I felt mean and made up my mind that if I ever got tolerably well fixed I'd make it right with him. As I was going to say, I don't believe we could sell it for what John paid."

"That's all right, Jenson," says I. "We won't sell the land. Maybe it'll be worth more some day. You just send me the tax-receipts every year, and I'll send you the money. I feel that I can trust you, now."

"I rather took a notion to him, somehow or other. He's about thirty-two, I should judge, smart as a whip, tolerably good-looking, and evidently well raised. He was a little bit careless about his clothes, but I suppose that comes of living by himself a good deal. I tell you there's nothing like having women-folks around to keep a man looking spruce! But Jenson 'll do anything for us, and he can be a great help to you way off there among the Scandinavians, Russians, and Indians."

Mr. Barstow glanced keenly at Laura as he said this. It was intended for a last dissuasive coup, and was not without effect.

"But, come, now," said he, as he rose from the rustic bench in the arbor where they were talking, "we'll go in to tea. We must make the most of the few days you're with us."

Laura was silent and thoughtful. Nay, more than that. The realities of the course she had chosen were becoming painfully apparent. The time was drawing nigh when she would leave, perhaps forever, the loved scenes of childhood and go to dwell among strangers in a strange land, many hundreds of miles away. As they walked slowly toward the house, tears fell upon the sleeve she clasped.

\* \* \*

The long journey was nearly ended. Little Caroline and Eddie gazed curiously out of the window at the bright yellow waters of the great river, while Mrs. Barstow got their belongings together preparatory to leaving the train. The few minutes this required brought them to the outskirts of a queer-looking town that seemed to have but one street—and only one side to that. She settled back in her seat with a tired sigh of relief just as the lusty-lunged brakeman opened the coach door and called—"Ma-a-n-d-a-n!"

So here they were, at last! Gentle hands assisted them to the platform, that appeared to continue miles further to the west; portly papas

and smiling daughters descended from the Pullman cars to take an airing while the train stopped; many hungry passengers rushed for the lunch-room; others crowded around a little building near the depot, where were displayed Indian curios, elk-horns, and other things interesting to Eastern and foreign travelers. Wall Street bankers and Chinamen; Canadians and Southerners; Sioux Indians from the Reservation; big, raw-boned Swedes and cowboys; Russian Jews, drummers, and railroad employees; farmers, miners, and *blase* young men from Eastern cities—all jostled one another good-naturedly as they moved hither and thither on the big platform.

At a safe distance from the general throng, Mrs. Barstow, with a firm grip on the restless youngsters, studied intently the kaleidoscopic scene. A few minutes had been passed in this entertaining way when a voice at her elbow startled her:

"Beg pardon, madam, but I believe this is Mrs. Barstow?"

Laura turned to meet the pleasant face of a young man whom she at once recognized as Mr. Jenson.

"And you are Mr. Jenson, of course?" said she, smiling gratefully as she extended her hand. "I am more than pleased to meet you. But how did you know—why, certainly! Father must have written you. He did not tell me, though. I should not have permitted him to trouble you. But I'm very glad, now, that he did ask you to meet me, as I was becoming bewildered in this strange assortment of humanity. I presume these scenes are very familiar to you?"

Perry Jenson was almost beside himself with delight to be of service to the widow of his friend. Moreover, he was extremely desirous of doing something to ease his conscience, for it had never ceased to trouble him since John's tragic death. Like many another man, Jenson lacked self-possession and easy speech, and Laura was not slow to discover this fact; but, like a sensible, true-hearted woman, she appreciated him all the more and took pains to put him at ease—as women of tact can do, readily.

"Did your—I mean the children, cause—you much-much bother?" Jenson stammered, blushing violently.

Laura with great difficulty restrained a laugh at this *contretemps*, and managed to reply that Caroline and Eddie were occasionally inclined to be boisterous, but in the main were very tractable children.

"I'm afraid I'd have a hard time of it traveling under those circ—that is, with—with that kind of baggage!" blurted out poor Jenson, as they started toward his boarding-house.

That laugh came to the surface once more, and this time it escaped. Jenson felt better, also, when he heard it.

"Very likely," was all Mrs. Barstow could say.

Jenson proved to be the valuable friend that Mr. Barstow had predicted, and even more. His whole-hearted way of going at things whenever Mrs. Barstow was concerned, earned that lady's entire confidence and permanent gratitude. She recognized the difficulties she would have encountered, unprepared, had not this practical man been present to aid her. It mattered not, with his ready assistance, that she was inexperienced in the ways of the business world. He drove with her to the quarter-section where her home was to be in a few weeks; helped to select a site for the house and barn; employed the carpenters, and a big, stout son of Sweden to attend to the heavier farm work; instructed her in the social and domestic customs of her neighbors—who were few and far between; and, in fact, relieved the situation of nearly every unpleasant feature, antici-

pated or otherwise. There was a certain tidiness in his appearance, too, since the widow arrived, which his landlady had frequently noted a lack of in the years he had lived under her roof. The old lady sniffed a mouse—to which sort of business her long, pointed nose was peculiarly adapted, if her neighbors' opinions counted for anything.

"Bizness 's pickin' up with ye consider'ble, ain't it, Mr. Jeemson?" she ventured to inquire one morning, in her smoothest nasal twang.

"Yes; a good many settlers are coming in this spring, and I'm selling considerable land for the company. But why do you ask? You never appeared interested to that extent before, that I can remember."

"Wall,—'scuse my sayin' so,—but ye been slickin' yerself up more o' late, and takin' better care o' yerself, and comin' in earlier, and—"

"Yes, business is improving, Mrs. Snyder. Another cup of coffee, please. Ah! Good morning, Miss Caroline! How is Mrs. Barstow this morning—and Master Eddie—and yourself, for instance?" exclaimed Jenson as Caroline, black and radiant, appeared in the doorway decked out in a snow-white apron.

"Missus feelin' good dis mawnin'; headache all done gone away. Says she like t' talk to yon 'fo' you go, if you isn't in a hurry. Dat boy Eddie done skinned hes nose las' night, ridin' hes ol' chal' t' watah. He say you gwine t' buy him a great big mule t' ride on de fahm. Doan' you do it; he fall off 'n' break hes crazy neck, suah!"

Just then Mrs. Barstow came in to breakfast with the young hopeful, Edward Ettinger Barstow, who seemed to be a likely candidate for the repair shop. He was in his usual hilarious mood, however, the severe contusion his nose had sustained not having disturbed either his temper or his appetite.

"I'm glad to have found you here this morning, Mr. Jenson," said Mrs. Barstow, after the usual greetings were exchanged. "There is a matter, of some importance to me, about which I am feeling a little anxious. You know—but I think we had better discuss this matter privately. I will breakfast in ten or fifteen minutes, Mrs. Snyder. In the meanwhile, we'll go into the sitting-room."

"You know, Mr. Jenson, as I was going to say, that I have expended nearly four hundred dollars on my house, and that it will require fully that much more to complete it and my barn, to say nothing of purchasing horses, implements, etc. Now, I had only \$500 to start with, and that will soon be gone. I'm determined not to write for more, and the only feasible plan I can think of is to place a mortgage on the entire property for the amount needed. Do you think you could secure a loan at a reasonable rate of interest?"

"I'll see what can be done, Mrs. Barstow. Although I regret to say it, your husband paid me more for the land than it was worth; but that was over three years ago, and it is now worth more than he paid. I can easily get a \$500 loan from Mr. Peckenheim, and will add two hundred more of my own, without interest. I'm going into the country, this morning, but will be back before the bank closes."

"But I shall insist upon paying you the same interest the bank charges, Mr. Jenson."

"And I shall insist upon refusing it, Mrs. Barstow. By the way, I think I'll have a near neighbor for you by the time you're fairly settled."

As he went out, Laura sat down to breakfast and to assist Caroline in getting young Barstow properly fed. Her eyes dimmed with a gratitude that filled her heart. Hardly a month had she known Perry Jenson, but in that time





"Well, I must get over it, that is all," Laura said to herself a dozen times that day."

he had proved so necessary to her happiness and comfort that she looked forward to the day when she would see him rarely with misgiving as to herself. Sentimental thoughts she had resolutely put aside, since her widowhood; but here was her heart going out to a man all unasked!

"Well, I must get over it, that is all," Laura said to herself a dozen times that day.

Toward the middle of the afternoon Mr. Jenson returned—with a smile that illuminated his entire person.

"Just came from the bank, Mrs. Barstow. Peckenheim seemed rather surprised when I approached him with our proposition. 'Certainly,' he said; 'Mrs. Barsdow can haf a thousand tollars, if she vants it. Nefer mint apout dot morkage.' Now, what in the world do you suppose has got into the old fellow? It isn't possible that he has fallen in —"

"Mr. Jenson!"—Then that ringing laugh that he had heard once before, when he was less comfortable in her presence, made him feel uneasy again.

"But what shall we do?" Jenson inquired, with a puzzled look. "It doesn't seem just right, his offering to loan you a thousand dollars without security."

Then those two, whose hearts were thumping along in unison, tried to figure it out in silence. But, in spite of the importance of the affair in hand, Mrs. Barstow's thoughts drifted into another channel.

"Mrs. Barstow," Jenson said, presently, as if he were urging her to commit suicide as a means of relief, "suppose—"

"Well?" sighed Mrs. Barstow, resignedly, without raising her eyes.

"—suppose you give up the farm idea altogether and settle down in Mandan as Mrs. Jenson?" He hadn't much hope, anyhow, and her reply didn't affect him seriously.

"Oh, mercy, no! I couldn't think of getting married. I shall remain single the rest of my days. I appreciate you, though, Mr. Jenson, as a thorough gentleman and a big-hearted friend. I am going to ask you to take charge of what little banking business I have. The last time I was in the bank the cashier was so effusively polite that I prefer not to go again."

Mrs. Barstow went to her room, returning in a moment with her bank-book, the deed to her land, and some other papers, which she handed to Mr. Jenson.

They continued their conversation while Jenson was glancing carelessly through the bank-book. In the middle of it, between two blank leaves, was a piece of paper, folded twice.

"Here is something you had better keep," he said, reaching it toward her without opening it.

"Oh, that is nothing important, I think. The cashier gave it to me that time I spoke of; so I just put it in the book. See what it is. It might be of some account."

Jenson nearly fell off his chair when he read it, but he recovered quickly.

"Yes, it is of some account. It's a certificate of deposit for twelve thousand dollars!"

They looked at each other in stupefied amazement. Finally, after drawing a long breath, Mrs. Barstow spoke, leaning back in her chair like an invalid:

"Women are such helpless creatures!"

Jenson had nothing to say—and he said it.

"After all, Mr. Jenson, I think—ahem! Yes, I think you'd better take charge of me, too!"

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The plans of that farm were considerably enlarged, next day, and Perry Jenson concluded that selling land on commission was a rather slow business.

"I feared it all the time," said old man Barstow, when he heard the news.

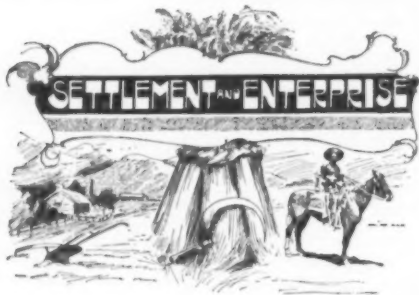
#### PRICELESS WAR RELICS.

Speaking of old relics, says the Seattle (Wash.) Times, the other day we received a dispatch from Washington City saying that in the will of the late Major-General John A. Gibbon, the old table on which the Appomattox court-house capitulation was written has been bequeathed to his son, John Gibbon, Jr., of this city. The announcement brings to light the fact that Capt. A. O. Benjamin, the diver of this city, possesses the cover to that same old table, and the cover, too, that lay on the table when the great capitulation document was signed. It is only a canvas cover, ink-stained and all that, but Captain Benjamin has clung to it for thirty years, because of its old associations. Benjamin was an orderly at the headquarters of General Gibbon for a long time. He used to hold the goat in Richmond, Va., for another to milk, that supplied John Gibbon, Jr., with milk when he was a tot. As orderly at General Gibbon's headquarters at Appomattox, Benjamin brought ink, pen and paper and set out the table where the document was signed at 8:30 in the morning by Major-General John Gibbon, Brevet Major-General Merrill and Brevet Major-General Griffin of Grant's army on the one side, and by Gordon Pendleton and Bennett or Longstreet on the part of Lee. As orderly, after the stipulation of surrender was drawn up and signed, Benjamin removed the things from the room, and when the table was taken out he tore off the canvas cover and, instead of throwing it aside, doubled it up and put it in his knapsack. The cover has a similar inscription in ink that is said to be carved into the table.

In this connection it is interesting to know that the chair in which General Grant sat when he wrote the famous document on that table, was the property of the late General Capehart and has been in Fargo, N. D., many years.

#### A BLACK HILLS VOLCANO.

A Black Hills, S. D., mining prospector has reported to the Deadwood Pioneer the discovery of the crater of an extinct volcano on the divide between Bear Butte and Elk Creek, and about half a mile from the Uncle Sam mine. The prospector says it is the only one in the Hills, and he may be right, as none of the geologists have ever mentioned it in their reports, even if they knew of its existence, which is doubtful. All the evidences of a once active volcano are plainly visible. The discoverer, who has traveled and prospected extensively in the various mining-camps of the West and in British Columbia, has seen a number of extinct volcanos and is, therefore, qualified to give an opinion. Such a discovery ought not to occasion surprise, as it is well-known that lava-like formations abound in various portions of the Black Hills in South Dakota, lava, in fact, being found in the immediate vicinity of Deadwood.



#### Sale of School Lands.

At the recent sales of school lands in Eastern South Dakota the prices received averaged \$15 per acre, with \$5 per acre down, the constitutional minimum. This is certainly an excellent showing for the State.

#### Sugar-Beet Syrup in Washington.

The New Whatcom (Wash.) *Blade* says that W. H. Hobart, of Keese, planted a quarter of a pound of sugar-beet seed, last season, from which he raised about half a ton of beets. He boiled a portion of them down and made a syrup out of it which he thinks is of very fine quality. Mrs. Hobart used the syrup for canning fruit, which has kept very nicely.

#### Kaffir Corn a Failure.

Reports from Aberdeen, South Dakota, and from many other sections of the Northwest, would seem to indicate that Kaffir corn is far inferior to our native Indian corn and that it never can be grown to advantage in the Northwestern States. In many localities cattle, horses and swine refuse to eat it. As these initial trials have been conducted by the most progressive farmers, the unsatisfactory results will have a tendency to discourage any further cultivation of the Kaffir cereal.

#### Rising Land Values.

The *Northwestern Agriculturist* is of the opinion that this section of the country "will have a greater immigration of farmers this summer than ever before, and that farm-land values will stiffen materially." The same opinion seems to prevail everywhere. Land sales are reported frequently from all sections, and demand creates value. New settlers are coming into each of the Northwestern States, so that the tide of immigration promises to be very evenly distributed and universally beneficial.

#### She Will Hold Her Claim.

The town of Dieter, Roseau County, Minn., has a young lady holding down a claim who is made of the right kind of material to achieve success. Her name is McKenzie, and she came from Canton, S. D., with a horse and buggy, all alone. When she came to the Red River she hired a boy to row her over in a boat, and she swam the horse and carriage across. Friends tried to persuade her not to attempt it, telling her she would lose both, but she preferred to make the venture rather than go away up by Pembina, forty miles out of her way, to cross on the bridge.

#### Swamp-Lands Self-Reclaiming.

When a large part of the Minnesota and Dakota sides of the Red River Valley was surveyed, no one would have supposed that the most valuable lands in the Northwest were contained therein. Swamps and marshes were very numerous and apparently worthless. With the tillage of the good lands adjoining, these swamps have been drained and have proved to be as fine as the best. This, it is thought by some, will be the result in the Red Lake Res-

ervation, where thousands of acres of marsh and bog-lands will be found in a few years to have dried out and become fit for the most advanced culture. This has always been the experience of new countries, and it is being proved every year in the northern counties of Minnesota, where swamp-lands are reclaiming themselves and becoming the choicest meadow and hay-lands.

#### Montana's Superior Barley.

The fact that German brewers have contracted for 2,500,000 bushels of barley from Montana's next season's crop should be a source of considerable gratification to every citizen of the State, for it shows that the quality of the grain has made it famous both in Europe and America. Yet it is but an infant industry. A few years ago a little barley was raised in the Gallatin Valley, by way of experiment, on land which required a great deal of irrigation. A sample of the grain was sent to New York, where it attracted the attention of Jacob Rupert, the wealthy brewer. The result was an investment in 12,000 or 15,000 acres of land, which have been brought under cultivation by means of irrigation ditches. The crops produced have been enormous, and the farmers

of an enormous trade in sturgeon caviare. The output of the fisheries is now so large that it rules the markets of the world for this article. The caviare is shipped in kegs to France, and after being prepared by methods known only to the French and Russians, it is shipped to America again and sold for \$1 a pound more than it ordinarily costs. In securing the caviare large numbers of sturgeon are killed, but there does not seem to be any diminution in the supply. Some years ago the sturgeon, after being deprived of their roe, were buried, but now a profitable market is found for them.

#### From Ohio to Oregon.

From J. W. Newman, of the Oregon fruit colony of Columbus, Ohio, the Roseburg (Ore.) *Plaindealer* learns that the colony has perfected all arrangements and will soon begin active operations on its 2,200-acre tract on the North Umpqua, recently purchased from Sheridan Bros., known as the old Tipton ranch. The colony, which comprises fifty steady and industrious men and their families, purposes setting out, this coming fall, 500 acres of choice fruit trees, principally prunes, and another 500 acres in the near future. Some of the colonists are now here, and more will follow as their labor is



A YOUNG SETTLER.

have been encouraged to take up land in the valley and go into the barley business on a much more extensive scale.

#### New Settlers for Idaho.

The Dunkards are coming West. They are a peculiar people, a religious sect with a fondness for dwelling together in compact communities which become famous for thrift, order, good citizenship, and the gradual but certain accumulation of wealth.

In the past few weeks, says the *Spokane Chronicle*, the Northern Pacific has brought in two colonies, numbering, perhaps, seventy in all. The Orange Blossom colony from Ames, Iowa, a fine-looking lot of thrifty farmers, is en route to the Nez Perces Reservation in Idaho, there to engage in all kinds of agriculture. They made a very brief stop in this city, their car being transferred to the Spokane & Palouse train soon after arrival. The other colony is made up of Dunkards from all parts of Iowa, and will locate somewhere in the western part of the State and engage in fruit-raising.

#### Large Output of Sturgeon Caviare.

One of the results of the opening up of fisheries on the Lake of the Woods, says the *Toronto Western World*, has been the development

required. Each of the fifty colonists will have a deed to twenty-two acres—two acres near the center of the tract, on which neat residences will be erected, ten acres planted to prunes, and ten acres to other fruits or products, at the option of the owner. The remaining 1,000 acres will be devoted to general farming purposes under the management of a board of directors chosen by the colony.

#### Fruit in North Dakota.

In the valuable immigration edition published recently by the Griggs County *Courier* of Cooperstown, N. D., the editor talks as follows about fruit:

"Many appear to have an idea that, because our climate is colder than that of Florida or California, we are wholly deprived of this delicious and necessary article of food. They could not make a greater mistake. In the first place, we can as easily and successfully as in New York or Pennsylvania, raise all kinds of small fruit, currants, gooseberries, raspberries, strawberries etc., growing as abundantly and with as little care as in the States mentioned. Then we can, with a little care, raise some larger fruits, such as harder kinds of apples, plums, etc., and, finally, we can buy the most delicious California fruits, brought fresh in re-



frigerator cars, almost as cheaply as the Eastern farmer can raise them. Two or three acres of wheat will buy all the fruit a family can use, and our markets are always well supplied."

#### Oregon's Apple Crop.

The official census returns for the Oregon census of 1895, the *Portland Oregonian* states, give us some interesting figures on the apple crop of the State for the year 1894. It will probably be something of a surprise to many fruit-growers in other portions of the State to know that, of the total crop of 1,102,636 bushels, over three-fourths, or approximately 800,000 bushels, were grown in the Willamette Valley. Linn County alone produced more apples than all Oregon east of the Cascade Mountains, with the Rogue River Country added. Clackamas County comes next to Linn County as an apple producer, and Yamhill is third. The *Rural Northwest* predicts, and with undeniable correctness, that the coming years will undoubtedly bring about decided changes in the relative standing of the counties as apple producers. In many portions of the Willamette Valley old orchards are failing more rapidly than new ones are coming forward to take their place, while in both Eastern and Southern Oregon the present production is very small in comparison to what it will be when all the young orchards now planted come into bearing. There are some counties in the Willamette Valley, like Yamhill, which will show an increased output of apples in a few years.

#### Largest Apple Orchard in the United States.

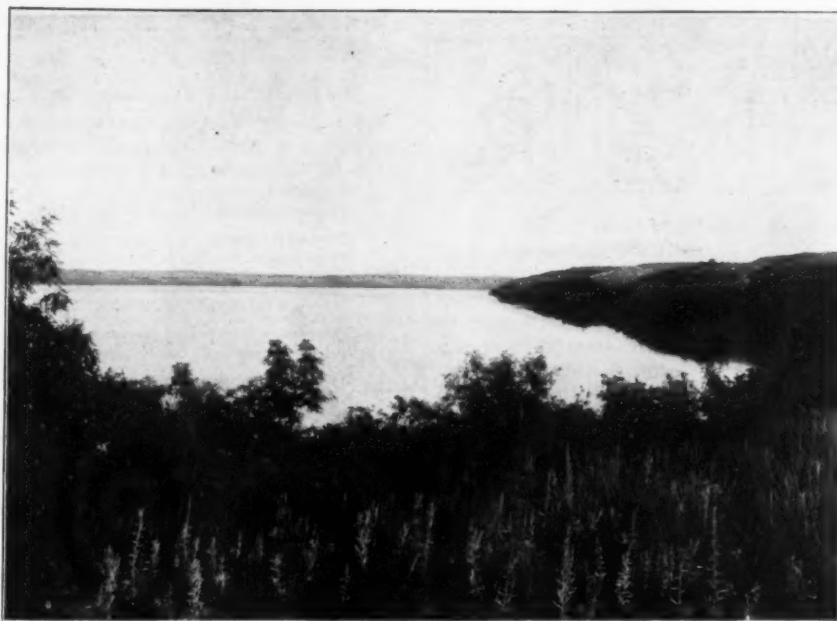
Some 30,000 apple trees, in addition to 10,000 put out last year, covering an area of 380 acres of Bitter Root ground, is the number of trees that comprises the largest exclusive apple orchard in the United States. This extensive orchard, according to the *Bitter Root Times* of Hamilton, Mont., is the property of the Bitter Root Orchard Company and lies just across the river from Hamilton, the land owned by the company embracing 640 acres.

When asked where he intended to market the product of so extensive an orchard, one of the proprietors stated that Butte and Anaconda would furnish the main market, and that he thought it would not be necessary to go outside of the State in search of consumers. The trees put out last year are doing finely. It will be four years, however, before the entire orchard will bear. The same gentleman also states that next year the company will have an extensive crop of asparagus and mushrooms, which they will likewise market in Butte and Anaconda.

The gentlemen comprising this company have unbounded faith in the Bitter Root as a fruit-raising country, and intend making their property a fruit farm that will in time have a national reputation. They are enterprising gentlemen, possess good business ability, and are not afraid to back their convictions with money.

#### North Dakota Filling Up.

Reports of the railroads centering in St. Paul show that the tide of immigration has already set in toward the Northwest. Every day the railroads running into North Dakota are carrying settlers into the greatest wheat belt in the world. The consensus of opinion among those who are engaged in the work of inducing immigration, is that the season of 1896 will be the greatest in this respect that the Northwest has ever seen. Most of those who are coming to the Northwest are bona fide settlers. Many of them have become tired of the East, and are emigrating to the part of the country where anyone who is willing to work can be sure of a living. They are buying land, and as good land



SPIRITWOOD LAKE, A POPULAR RESORT NEAR JAMESTOWN, NORTH DAKOTA.

as there is in the country, for a mere nothing when the price is compared with that in the States more thickly settled. They belong to almost every nationality in the world, and their coming will do much to build up the two great States of Minnesota and North Dakota.

There is any amount of land ready for settlers in the two States. The great railroad systems running through the wheat belt have thousands of acres which can be bought for \$3 to \$10 per acre, and an actual settler can secure almost any terms of payment that he may desire. Aside from this there is a large amount of land owned by other corporations and individuals which can be purchased cheap. There is also a large amount of Government land in the State.

A great proportion of the settlers who are now pouring into the country, or who are arranging to come when the season shall be a little more advanced, are from the States of Michigan, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Iowa and Nebraska. These States are thickly settled and land is high. Nearly all the settlers are practical farmers, who find that the old homestead is too small for the family of growing boys, and who see that they can do better in a thinly populated country where land is cheap and where they can buy ten times more with their little capital than they can in the old homes. Another class includes the employees of factories that have been closed, and who turn to farming as the surest way of making a living.

A great many of the home-seekers are Scandinavians. They are a thrifty class and make good citizens. Many Germans are coming, also. Among them are the Dunkards, or German Baptists, who are forming colonies in North Dakota. They are steady, thrifty farmers who have been brought up on the farm, and North Dakota is receiving them with open arms.—*Bismarck (N. D.) Tribune*.

#### Flax Culture in Manitoba.

The production of flaxseed in Manitoba last year is placed at 1,281,000 bushels. This, the *Winnipeg Commercial* says, is a much larger quantity than is required in all Canada for home crushing. The total crushing capacity of all mills in Canada is estimated at about 350,000 bushels. Thus the crop of Manitoba alone, last year, is sufficient to supply all the

mills in Canada for three years. Of this total crushing capacity, about 100,000 bushels is attributed to the mill in Winnipeg, which is the only mill in this territorial district. In Eastern Canada there is also only one mill of any importance, and this represents the balance of the crushing capacity of the Dominion.

While Manitoba now produces a much larger quantity of flaxseed than can be crushed in the country, it is surprising to learn that large quantities of linseed oil are imported into Eastern Canada, principally from England. This is a peculiar situation. We have a large surplus of the raw product, and yet we are importing large quantities of the manufactured article. The production of linseed oil in Canada is not much more than sufficient to meet one-half the home requirements. The question is, why should we not manufacture all the oil required for home consumption, seeing that we have a plentiful supply of raw material to work upon?

It may be further stated that imports of linseed oil are subject to a duty of twenty per cent ad valorem. Thus, while the consumers of the country are paying this duty on nearly one-half of the oil used in the country, the producers of flaxseed are obliged to sell in an open market, because they produce more seed than is consumed at home; and, consequently, the price will rule at or near an export basis. It would, therefore, evidently be an advantage to producers of flaxseed, and also to consumers of linseed oil, to have the full requirements of oil manufactured at home.

As Manitoba is the principal source of supply of the raw material, there would appear to be a good opening here for the establishment of linseed oil-mills. It is estimated that it requires twenty-five bushels of flaxseed to produce a barrel of oil. Instead of our present capacity of 4,000 or more barrels, we should, therefore, be making fully 15,000 barrels of oil annually. All of this increased capacity would be required in Canada for home consumption, and the raw material is at hand for this enlargement of production.

We have said nothing about the oil-cake or linseed meal. This is a very valuable food for live-stock, and it should only be necessary to make its merits generally known to our farmers and feeders, to lead to a demand sufficient to consume the oil-cake or meal.



### A Scrap of History.

The Bozeman (Mont.) *Chronicle* says that Minneapolis was first discovered by Ole Olson, who worked for Jim Hill of St. Paul for "tre dollar a week." Ole was following the machine and changing "works" at the time. He "yumped his yob," and is now employed by Tom Lowry. There was a water-power at Minneapolis, so Ole located a desert-land claim, near by, and laid out a town site. Minneapolis now has a brewery, and a great many people who go there neither see the falls nor know of their existence.

### The Goat Dined on Whiskers.

Down along the bluffs of the Minnesota River in Renville County, says the *Morgan Messenger*, goat raising is quite an industry among some of the farmers. The milk of the nanny-goat is very good for children, therefore she receives special care, while the billy-goat is allowed to pick his living on the hill-sides and from piles of rubbish, unless the clothes-lines in the neighborhood are left unwatched. The other day a certain fellow went to town and began drinking water freely at the shrines of Gambrinus. After getting a pretty good load on he started homeward, but when he got down in the valley, a short distance from home, he felt weary and lay down on the hill-side in the warm sunshine and soon fell fast asleep, when along came an old billy-goat and deliberately chewed off almost all of his long, red whiskers. When the man awoke, his head looked like a whisk-broom that had passed through a threshing-machine. The goat stood near, still masticating a small portion of the hair, and when the now sobered fellow saw the operation and realized that his luxurious whiskers had been turned into provender, he gave a howl that was as hoarse as a fog-horn and started in for revenge. He chased the goat till he was tired—threw rocks at it, damned it; but it was wasted energy; the goat had his whiskers and could beat him at sprinting.

### Wants to Know.

Colonel Sam Gordon, of the *Yellowstone Journal*, arises and in a loud tone of voice wants to know "What is filled cheese?" And Sam is running an agricultural paper! This dense and deplorable ignorance on the part of one who claims to mould public opinion leads us to gently, but firmly, intimate that he had better put in more time studying the agricultural reports which compose his library, and play less ball.

We thought everyone knew what filled cheese was. Filled cheese, in brief, is known in zoology and to scientists as limburger, signifying that it has limbs—legs, if you please. Its presence also signifies, for several miles around, that it has a vociferous odor about it. Hence the American word "filled"—it fills everything in sight.

It was only the other evening that a few congenial citizens of Bozeman met at a certain German resort. While one of the party was temporarily absent, another took two pieces of bread, and, nicely spreading one end with ranch butter, put limburger on the other end. The unsuspecting farmer returned and bit hastily into the sandwich. He hesitated, sniffed the air like a startled broncho, and then said:

"Pears like this yere butter ez a little mite

off. I ain't sayin' ennything against home produce, but it strikes me that this valley ought ter give somethin' at once toward startin' a creamery!"—*Bozeman (Mont.) Chronicle*.

### The New Woman's Commandments.

The following touching, beautiful and iron-clad lines are taken from the New Whatcom *Reveille*, of Washington:

1. Remember that I am thy wife,  
Whom thou must cherish all thy life.
  2. Thou shalt not stay out late at night,  
When lodges, friends or clubs invite.
  3. Thou shalt not smoke indoor or out,  
Nor chew tobacco roundabout.
  4. Thou shalt with praise receive my pies,  
Nor pastry made by me despoise.
  5. My mother thou shalt strive to please,  
And let her live with us in ease.
  6. Remember 'tis thy duty clear  
To dress me well throughout the year.
  7. Thou shalt, in manner mild and meek,  
Give me thy wages, every week.
  8. Thou shalt not be a drinking man,  
But live on prohibition plan.
  9. Thou shalt not flirt, but must allow  
Thy wife such freedom, anyhow.
  10. Thou shalt get up when baby cries,  
And try the child to tranquilize.
- These my commands, from day to day,  
Implicitly thou shalt obey.

### She Struck the Wrong Office.

The Walla Walla (Wash.) *Statesman* says that a lady called at the office of a prominent local law firm and asked if "the doctor" was in. Supposing that she meant "a doctor of law," the lady, who appeared to be in great distress, was shown into a private office, where the learned counsel soon joined her and the following conversation took place:

Lady—"I have been suffering dreadfully from sore feet."

Attorney—"Have you? I am very sorry to hear it." (Here the lady began taking off one of her shoes.)

Attorney—"If—if you wish to make your toilet, madam, I will retire into the next room, as I have some very important business to attend to."

Lady—"Oh, it will not take long; and, besides, you will not thoroughly understand my case unless you see one of my feet."

Attorney—"W-e-l-l (stammering), I-I'm somewhat of a corn doctor, and it is possible that I might do you some good in this line."

Lady—"I thought you were a physician, but you act and talk like a quack!"

Attorney—"Well, madam, I have found that it has taken all the time that I can spare to master the profession that I follow; it is more than I can do to look after my law business."

Lady—"Law business! What! you an attorney? My goodness! I thought I was in a physician's office. Let me out, quick!"

### Mr. Baker's Watches.

Mr. Baker, of the Grand Forks *Herald*, has more time than a boy with a broken leg. This time consists of two open-faced watches, which he wears chained to him by day and hid by him at night. One watch is the color of grass-fed cheese; the other is a pale-faced time piece—a shade or two lighter than a tin pan. Their combined tick sounds like the noise of a hammer chasing shingle-nails into a roof. To get the exact time of day, Mr. Baker consults both watches and then feels of his appetite. If there isn't more than three hours' difference between the trio, he subtracts the lesser from the greater and eats the remainder. He knows then, if he sees the children coming home from school, that it is twelve o'clock, and he hurries to the

hotel for the midday meal. These watches are wound from the outside; although, on a rainy day, there are accommodations on the inside. It takes some time to wind them properly, and Mr. Baker has arranged his business affairs so as to wind one in the morning and the other next week. A man who will wind these watches steadily, for a week, will need no other exercise and will have but little time to mend bicycles or pick strawberries. Both watches have graceful movements and can fall downstairs without losing much time. They are made at a bicycle factory by boys learning the trade. Mr. Baker is not afraid to show these watches in a crowd or to take them out at a horse-race; nothing scares them, and their pulse is as regular as the setting sun—even during a thunderstorm.—*Grafton (N. D.) Record*.

### No Fish for Breakfast.

It isn't often that the rib tickler of the Helena *Independent* indulges in poetical effusions, but when he does he makes the tears come, as witness the following:

He knocked timidly. He responded diffidently to the command to "Come in." He was a poet—a spring poet, and his theme was—

He explained what his theme was as he held out a sheet of foolscap.

"I have a trifle of a poem here," he said, modestly. "It is entitled 'No Fish for Breakfast,' and it tells why there were no fish for breakfast. That is the beauty of it. Most poets would have left you in doubt."

"The waste-basket is full," some one answered, unfeelingly.

"I leave this for your consideration, at any rate," he replied. And he drifted out as he had drifted in.

This is what he had written:

"When the flowers and grass are green,  
And the lark and thrush are seen,  
Then with fishing-rod and fly I wend my way  
To the river's rocky shore,  
Where I've been so oft before,  
In the bright, sunny, happy month of May.  
"Standing firm upon a stone,  
Thinking I am all alone,  
I watch the silvery waters as they flash;  
With my rod and line I troll—  
But that stone begins to roll,  
And I part those silvery waters with a splash."

That was a sad parting—almost as sad as the parting of the poet and the editor. It is a cold, hard fact, however, that "the bright, the sunny, happy month of May" is a part of the close season. The law says so. Ignorance of the law excuses not even poets. To make it jibe with the codes, the second stanza should be slightly altered. It might read:

"Standing firm upon a stone,  
Thinking I am all alone,  
I note each shining fin and silvery tail;  
But I reck not with my host,  
For the warden's at his post,  
And he takes me, spite my protests, off to jail."

That, too, has the merit of telling why there were no fish for breakfast, and it gives just as valid a reason. As for the poetry, there may not be so much real sentiment in the substitute for the original motion, but "jail" and "tail" rhyme splendidly, and the meter is about a stand-off. "Bail" would have been another possible rhyme for "jail," but it is not likely that a poet could secure it.

### Horrors of Travel.

On the Seattle overland train, last Monday night, relates the voracious chronicler of the Puyallup (Wash.) *Commerce*, a nervous old lady from Philadelphia was expressing her realization of the dire dangers of Western travel to a patent clothes-pin drummer, who seemed to delight in sustaining her in her exaggerated ideas. The drummer was relating how he had once killed six train robbers and then, taking



the place of the murdered engineer, had himself guided the train on to a harbor of refuge—just in time to avoid a collision with a lightning express. As soon as he had thus far delivered himself the train slowed up and the brakeman yelled, "Derringer!"

"Oh, Lord!" said the old woman, "are we going to be robbed?"

A hop man on the seat behind assured her that the brake had only called out the name of the station.

This calmed her somewhat, but the shock seemed to have left her nerves strung up to a very high pitch.

"Stuck!" yelled the brakeman.

"Oh, dear! Are we going to be stuck here very long? Oh! I do wish I hadn't come West."

When the train moved the old lady showed signs of hysteria, and the hop-grower's wife talked soothingly to her.

"Slaughter!" bawled the brakeman. And at this, the very culmination of horrors, the old lady fainted.

#### He Cannot Straddle.

The editor of the *Times-Mountaineer*, one of the high-grade papers published at The Dalles, Oregon, is outspoken to the last degree—evidently believing that 'an open confession doeth the heart good.' On the editorial page of a recent issue of his paper is an article which is headed:

"WE CANNOT STRADDLE."

We did not read the subject matter. The title was sufficient to let loose all the flood-gates to our sympathy—for it rendered easy the task of fancying every unfortunate predicament the *Times-Mountaineer* man is heir to. The embarrassment—the humiliation of a man who cannot straddle, is pitiful to think of! It is worse than lock-jaw. You may talk of straddling financial questions, fences, mules, and bronchos, but there are many other things in this world which call for straddles, and to be deprived of all these privileges at one fell swoop is to be plunged in starless gloom and deepest misery.

"We cannot straddle!"—It is a pathetic exclamation. One searches it in vain for a single gleam of hope. In announcing the fact the Oregonian seems to have announced all, for the sentence ends with its beginning. He realized his condition, and knew that naught he might say could alleviate it. An editor who cannot straddle is in a bad fix. He might better have his biography written by the *Bozeman Chronicle* or illustrated by the *Puyallup Commerce*. The man who cannot straddle may be able to get along all right in the world to come, but in this world he is bound to have a rocky time of it and will need lots of cushions and sympathy.

#### How McGinnis was Left.

Several railroad men were chatting in the Canadian Pacific office recently, according to the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer*, about the little obstructions that have recently interrupted traffic on two of the transcontinental lines running into Seattle, when suddenly, with a "that reminds me" expression on his face, McGinnis began a story. Now, when McGinnis begins a story everybody listens, for he knows a lot of railway reminiscences and he tells them well.

"Back in the days when Dixon, now the Great Northern agent at Spokane, was in the place Stevens has now, he displayed a bit of generalship over me that might commend itself to the most energetic solicitor in the country. Some bridge up along the line of the Great Northern had broken away, and I was sitting in my office, happy in the reflection that the Canadian Pacific was intact, when in came a group of seven long, lean, lank individuals inquiring for tick-

ets East. They spoke of going over the Great Northern, but I casually mentioned the fact that that line was broken, and that they were likely to fare badly at the place of transfer. They went out, apparently satisfied, but not purchasing.

"Then, after a while, I strolled over to Dixon's office. I was hardly seated in his best chair, when—shiver my timbers if that same gang of seven didn't come trailing in! They said they were going East.

"Sell you tickets?" said Dixon.

"Why, your old line is all broken up," replied the spokesman.

"Gentlemen," said Dixon, in his suavest manner, 'perhaps you don't appreciate what that little break in the road means. You reach there on time in one of our elegant coaches. There you will see a wild and picturesque mountain view, such as few men have the chance of seeing. You will see three thousand men working by electric light, their weird shadows flickering out on the mountain heights behind them. The transfer costs you nothing. Why, gentlemen, if you don't take this trip you miss the opportunity of your lives.'

"And as I sat there and saw him sell every man in that party a ticket over that broken bridge," said McGinnis, sadly, "I realized that I had been the unwilling witness of a stroke of genius."

#### All's Well that Ends Well.



1.



2.



3.

#### A Few North Dakota Recipes.

Here are a few spring recipes which we take from the *Grafton (N. D.) Record*:

To make orange extract, use oranges. Some people use turnips, but the flavor is not considered so good.

To split wood, use an ax. In difficult cases, use your neighbor's wood.

To soften water, strain it through a feather bed.

To kindle a quick fire, use a gallon of kerosene oil and the nearest doctor.

To keep cake, spill some hair-oil on it; a handful of ashes sifted through it also helps.

To clean a brass kettle, use a file or buy a new kettle.

To get rust off knives, rub them on a brick forty-eight hours, then set out to cool.

To save coal, buy a wood stove or move to South America.

To keep strawberries, keep them off the table.



4.



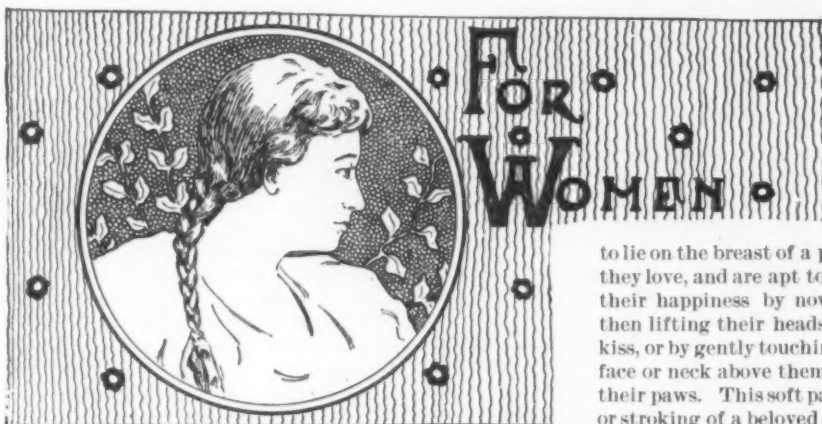
5.



6.



7.



**MEN MORE UNFORTUNATE.**—There is only one sudden death among women to eight among men.

**THE FEMALE VOICE.**—It has been demonstrated that women prompters' voices are more distinct on the stage, and are less audible in the auditorium, than men's voices.

**A BLISSFUL OMEN.**—A Montreal bride appeared at the altar with her pet canary fastened to her shoulder by a golden chain. During the marriage ceremony the bird broke into song.

**ABOUT YOUR PIANO.**—If you love your piano, do not allow bric-a-brac to rest upon it. It is in wretched taste; besides, it is often the cause of an unpleasant rattling while the instrument is being used.

**SHE IS A MINING EXPERT.**—Mrs. Clara Wood, of Klamath, Ore., is one of the best mining experts in the West. A high commercial value is placed upon her knowledge of the mineralogy of the Klamath River region.

**SYMPATHY FOR SALE.**—An enterprising London woman has a stock of consolation for sale. She advertises: "Sympathy offered to those who are in trouble and have no one to whom they can tell their sorrow. Interviews by appointment."

**ONE OF THE FORTY.**—Ella Higginson of New Whatcom, Wash., says the *Blade* of that city, is one of the forty most noted and greatest women writers of America whose names appeared in a list published in *Godey's Magazine* last month.

**GOLDEN CROPS INDEED.**—A Walkerville, Mont., woman cleaned up \$4 worth of gold from the crops of three chickens a few days ago. She is undecided whether to kill the rest of her flock or to try to find out where they scratch up the gold.

**LANGTRY HOBBIES.**—Mrs. Langtry's greatest hobby seems to be the collection of silver trifles, from the tiny silver furniture of a doll's house up to the exquisite model, which stands on a beautifully inlaid table in a window recess, of a large ship in full sail.

**HE STUDIED WOMEN.**—A collection of 1,000 books, all relating to women, that has been accumulated by Colonel Higginson of Boston, is to be presented to Radcliffe College. The books are not to be separated, but will be placed in an alcove apart from other books.

**AN ERROR ABOUT CATS.**—An error about cats is that they lie on young children's breasts and suck their breaths or suffocate them. Cats like

to lie on the breast of a person they love, and are apt to show their happiness by now and then lifting their heads for a kiss, or by gently touching the face or neck above them with their paws. This soft patting or stroking of a beloved cheek or throat is one of the more human habits, which dogs have not. Cats are luxurious and fond of warmth, and may sometimes share a baby's crib or cradle for that reason, as dogs do.

**A QUESTIONABLE SALVATION.**—Among the Brahmans, in India, the barbarous custom still exists of marrying young girls to old men that wander about the country, in order that no family shall suffer the disgrace of having unmarried daughters. While he lives, the girls can marry no one else; when he dies, they are his widows.

**A WONDERFUL CARRIAGE CLOCK.**—The carriage clock which was presented to the Empress of Russia on her marriage, by the English ladies in St. Petersburg, was made in tortoise-shell, mounted in pure gold. The handle was studded with diamonds, and above the dial was the imperial crown, with the initial "A" beneath it, both composed entirely of diamonds.

**SOME CLEVER OLD MAIDS.**—In literature, the list of the unmarried is a long one. Among the noted names are Nora Perry, Rose Elizabeth Cleveland, sister of the President; "Ouida," Jean Ingelow, Rosa Nouchette Cary, Anna Dickinson, Florence Nightingale, who has gained fame as a writer since she retired as a nurse; Grace Denio Litchfield, Edith Thomas and Susan Coolidge.

**DANISH WOMEN LEAD.**—Danish women are ahead of any other women on the face of the globe in one particular. They recently announced the opening of a woman's theater for the present season. The plays are to be written by women dramatists; every character—even the male characters—to be acted by women; and the orchestra, soloists, chorus and conductor will be exclusively feminine.

**TWO HORNS OF A DILEMMA.**—A temperance society in Danbury, Conn., which is composed of young women who have pledged themselves not to marry any man who touches liquor, has a membership of 400. This large membership would seem to indicate that Danbury men are given to tipping pretty generally. It may also foreshadow the fact that those young ladies will either have to back down or become unmarriedable spinsters.

**IN REFERENCE TO CLOSETS.**—The average height of women is five feet two inches, but rarely does one find a house in the city or country in which any attention has been paid to this fact in arranging the closets. The hooks are placed six feet high from the floor,—lucky for the housewife if it is not more,—and above that is placed a shelf which is practically useless. No woman cares to mount a chair or table every time she wants to get her bonnet or shawl.

## FASHION AND HOME DRESSMAKING.

We have made arrangements with one of the oldest and most reliable pattern houses in New York which enable us to offer our readers standard and perfect-fitting patterns of the very latest and newest designs. These patterns retail at from twenty to forty cents, but in order to make our magazine more valuable than ever, we offer them to our readers at the low price of ten cents each, including postage; or, we will send five patterns free to anyone sending us one yearly subscriber at \$2.

Full descriptions and directions—number of yards of material required, number and names of the different pieces in the pattern, how to cut and fit and put the garment together—are sent with each pattern, with a picture of the garment to go by. These patterns are complete in every particular, there being a separate pat-



GIRLS' FIVE-PIECE CIRCULAR SKIRT, NO. 50577.

tern for every single piece of the dress. Your order will be filled promptly.

For ladies, give bust measure in inches. For skirt pattern, give waist measure in inches. For misses, boys, girls or children, give both breast measure in inches and age in years. See below for rules of measurement. Order all patterns by their numbers.

Girls' five-piece circular skirt, No. 20577, having two box-plaits at the back, requires for medium size 3 yards material 27 inches wide, 2½ yards 36 inches wide, or 2½ yards 48 inches wide. Cut in 5 sizes, 8, 9, 10, 11 and 12 years. The pattern is just the thing for duck, pique.



LITTLE GIRLS' DRESS, NO. 20574.





LADIES' COSTUME, NOS. 20596 AND 20589.

grass linen or any heavy cotton or linen fabric appropriate for outing suits.

Little girls' dress, No. 20574, with straight full skirt (suitable for wash fabrics), requires for medium size  $5\frac{1}{2}$  yards material 22 inches wide,  $4\frac{1}{2}$  yards 27 inches wide, or  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards 36 inches wide. Insertion represented, 2 yards; embroidery,  $4\frac{1}{2}$  yards. Cut in 5 sizes, 4, 5, 6, 7 and 8 years. Gingham, chambray, grass linen, batiste, cambric, lawn, pique, challis, etc., can be used for this design.

Ladies' costume—yoke waist, No. 20596 (with tucked front and sleeves), requires for medium size  $6\frac{1}{2}$  yards material 22 inches wide,  $5\frac{1}{2}$  yards 30



BOYS' BLOUSE WAIST, NO. 20317.

inches wide, or  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards 36 inches wide. Lining required,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards; insertion represented,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards; embroidery, 1 yard; ribbon,  $4\frac{1}{2}$  yards. Cut in 5 sizes, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust measure.

Seven-gored skirt, No. 20589 (having its two back gores gathered and a five-gored foundation skirt; suitable for thin fabrics), requires for medium size 8 yards material 27 inches wide,  $7\frac{1}{2}$  yards 30 inches wide, or  $6\frac{1}{2}$  yards 36 inches

wide. Lining required, 6 yards. Length of skirt in front, 41 inches; width of skirt around bottom,  $6\frac{1}{2}$  yards. Cut in 5 sizes, 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inches waist measure. Lawn, batiste, organdy, silk, gingham and all wash fabrics are appropriate for this costume, as well as fancy silks and light woollens.

Boys' blouse waist, No. 20317, requires for medium size  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards material 27 inches wide, or 2 yards 36 inches wide. Cut in 5 sizes, 3, 4, 5, 6 and 7 years. Gingham, percale, cambric, pique or chambray are suitable for this waist.

Girls' shirt waist, No. 20590, requires for medium size 3 yards material 27 inches wide,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards 30 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards 36 inches wide. Cut in 5 sizes, from 8 to 12 years. Lawn, chambray, percale, cheviot, Swiss, grass linen, nainsook, gingham, etc., can be used for this model.

Baby boys' dress, No. 20339, requires for medium size  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards material 27 inches wide, or  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards 36 inches wide. Cut in 3 sizes, 1, 2 and 3 years. Duck, pique, grass linen, gingham, chambray, percale or cambric, as well as flannel,



GIRLS' SHIRT WAIST, NO. 20590.

challis and other light woollens, can be used for this model.

Suggestions for measurements:

Garments requiring bust measure—Pass measure around body over fullest part of bust, close under the arm—a little higher in back, draw closely, not tightly.

Garments requiring waist measure—Pass measure around waist, draw moderately tight.

Ladies' sleeves—Pass measure around muscular part of arm—one inch below arm-hole; measure loose; this measure only for lining.

Ladies' capes—Small, corresponds with 32 and



BABY BOY'S DRESS, NO. 20339.

34 inches; medium, 36 and 38 inches; large, 40, 42 and 44 inches, bust measure.

Ladies' collars—Small size is 13 to 14 inches; medium,  $14\frac{1}{2}$  to 15 inches; large,  $15\frac{1}{2}$  to 16 inches; neck measure.

Garments for misses, girls and children, measured by same directions given for ladies. When ordering, give age also.

Men's and boys' garments—Coats, vests, etc. Pass measure under jacket, around breast, moderately tight.

Be sure and give size and number of pattern wanted. Address all orders to the office of this publication. Money must accompany order.

GHOST-STORY PARTIES.—Ghost-story parties are said to be very intellectual Lenten diversions. The woman who tells the most harrowing tale receives a prize, the merits of it being calculated by the number of listeners who have either fainted or left the room during its recital.

SHE RUNS THE WHOLE BUSINESS.—The new woman is settling down to business in the West. A hustling feminine tavern keeper in Burns, Or., who is credited with being one of the best-looking as well as one of the most successful hotel keepers in Eastern Oregon, advertises in a recent issue of the local newspaper that she will no longer be responsible for debts contracted by her husband or son.

A BORROWING CUSTOM.—Among Sioux Indians, when one family borrows a cooking utensil from another it is expected that, when the vessel is returned, a small portion of the food cooked in it will be left in the bottom. Disregard of this usage ends the borrowing forever.

CATHODE RAYS CENTURIES OLD.—A local antiquarian of Butte, Montana, has unearthed the fact, or what he believes to be a fact, that cathode rays were known to the Chinese many centuries ago. He found in the London *Philosophical Journal*, of 1832, an account of a curious Chinese mirror which had the power to reflect upon a screen, by the aid of the sun's rays, objects on the back of the mirror, the mirror being made of Chinese silver, and the statement that the mirrors were the memories of a lost art.

THE CALIFORNIA INDIAN'S BOW.—The California Indian's bow is made from the white or sap-wood of the cedar, the outside of the tree being also the outside of the bow. The stick is scraped and polished with the sharp pieces of obsidian, roasted in ashes, and bent into shape. Their arrows are made of button-willow twigs and of the buckeye and canes.

ACTIVE VOLCANOES IN ARIZONA.—The Copah volcanoes, seventy-five miles southwest of Yuma, Arizona, were in violent eruption a short time ago. The larger ones were emitting great volumes of smoke and some flames, and the smaller ones were throwing out quantities of water, stones, and mud. The noise of the eruptions could be heard at a long distance.

LEGAL TENDER SCALPS.—The county court of Gilliam County, Oregon, acting under the laws of the State, have made coyote scalps a "legal tender" for all debts in that county, both public and private. At least, the scalps are accepted by everybody in that County at \$2 each. They are a kind of local greenback.

A VOICE HEARD EIGHTEEN MILES.—Eighteen miles is the longest distance on record at which a man's voice has been heard. This occurred in the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, where a man shouted the name of Bob at one end of the canyon and his voice was heard plainly at the other end, eighteen miles away.



### MATED.

Ae bird fa's in love wi' anither,  
Goes wooing in green forest tree;  
The twa build a sma' hoose thegither,  
As happy as happy can be.

An' ane bides at hame i' the nestle,  
A wee, faithfu' wife is she;  
While proudly a-pluming his breastle,  
Her gay liddle sings cheerily.

Oh, had I twa wings, I'd be flyin'  
Ae bonny, sweet lassie to see!  
And weel I ken too she is sighin'  
Wi' her ain true lover to be.

An' when we hae buildd a nestle,  
Like twa birds in green forest tree,  
O then, wi' her head on my breastle,  
Sae happy, sae happy I'll be!

Daluth, Minn.

W. E. MOHR.

### There is Truth in This.

To become a universal favorite, a woman must cultivate the habit of being able to give her entire attention to whomsoever she is speaking—to exchange greetings with the one who addresses her, and not to cast flighty glances hither and thither. This manner gives one a charm which is most winning.

### A Pretty Moss Centerpiece.

You can make a pretty and inexpensive centerpiece for a dinner-table by filling a low glass dish with wood moss. Make little holes all over it with a toothpick, after you have dampened it thoroughly, into which thrust the short-stemmed violets, pinks and roses, which you can buy for a mere song. After the flowers are faded, set the moss in the air to dry and it will then be ready for use a second time, or as long as you want to use it, for that matter.

### Air in a Sleeping-Room.

There are those who claim that the temperature of sleeping apartments should equal that of the living-rooms during the day, but the best authorities are opposed to this dictum. That man or woman who sleeps in an unaired room will be apt to arise with a headache and a feeling of languor which cannot be thrown off until one has had a breath of pure, fresh air. The sleeping-room should be aired by a window being lowered at the top and raised at the bottom sufficiently to give a free circulation of air.

### A Lesson in Laces.

To clean white silk laces, soak in skimmed milk over night, souse in warm soap-suds, rinse carefully, then pull out and pin down while damp. Laces can be whitened by standing in soap-suds in the sun. They should never be rubbed, but soused up and down and very gently squeezed between the hands until they are only damp, not dry. Black lace may be cleaned with borax-water. Use a teaspoonful of borax to a pint of warm water. It is the drying of black lace near a fire that is apt to turn it rusty. Gold and silver laces may be cleaned with stale bread-crumbs mixed with powder-blue. For a half-loaf of bread take one-fourth of a pound of the powder-blue. Sprinkle thickly over the lace and let it stand some time. Brush off and rub lightly with a piece of velvet.

### The Bath a Conservator of Beauty.

Bear it well in mind, all ye wooers of beauty, that the beginning of outward loveliness is the bath. A woman who has no respect for soap

and water and sponges, will struggle in vain with creams and lotions. After the daily bath has done its work in clearing the system of impurities through the pores and in making firm the skin, lotions and creams are valuable to soften, smooth and whiten. But without the bath they are utterly useless. Not every woman is able to take a tub-bath every day, but every woman is strong enough to take a sponge-bath daily and one or two tub-baths a week. The sponge-baths may be made strengthening to weak constitutions by pouring a little alcohol, toilet cologne or toilet vinegar into the water. Once form the habit of bathing regularly, and it is astonishing how quickly one will take to the tub from choice instead of per necessity. And it is a luxury that even the poor can indulge in. They may not be able to afford alcohol and colognes, but an abundance of water is at their disposal and a bath, however simple and inexpensive, is always healthful and invigorating.

### Rules for Hanging Pictures.

People who go to a picture gallery have an idea that some of the same rules of arrangement should prevail at home. It is all wrong. Give a picture the best possible position as to light. They frequently have to be skied in galleries, but they need never undergo this humiliating treatment in the drawing-room. The middle of the picture should be on a level with, or a trifle above, the eyes that look upon it. In a beautiful room, says the *Philadelphia Times*, great variety may be displayed in the disposition of the various pictures. Family pictures should not be on exhibition in those rooms of the house which are set apart for the occasions of ceremony. These may be appropriately used in bedrooms, or even in little studios, or dens, which people have to themselves.

Many of our walls are very trying to pictures, and it not infrequently happens that a really beautiful engraving or water color loses its charm because of an ineffective and discordant background. One may receive hints and suggestions as to the proper hanging of pictures by an occasional visit to studios and galleries, where, frequently, the tones of the walls are effectively treated so as to bring out the best points in the picture.

There are two or three points that are essential to good effect. Large, massive pictures can be put up against almost any wall. The huge frame will accentuate the background of the picture; but little pictures should never be put upon a wall that is covered with a striking design. If you have enough pictures to make a room interesting by their exhibition, by all means have a plain wall. It only adds confusion to have an elaborate wall overhung with a lot of pictures; overdressing is always vulgar.

### Conventional Feasts in Bad Form.

There are few phases of bad form in entertaining that are so objectionable, so senseless, as "overfeeding" one's guests. A dinner of endless courses is intolerable. No one enjoys it; no one wants it. To eat it is a crime against one's self—one's stomach, if you please. And people are beginning to learn that their stomachs will not forever stand abuse. There comes a day of reckoning. Every one knows this, and yet every one, when he becomes the host, "puts up" the conventional feast. Did we say every one? Hardly every one, for there are, we are glad to add, a few exceptions—a few people, who, sure of their position, are broad enough to be independent. These, rising above conventionality, have cut the menu in half. Others will follow them. Good sense, when it once works its way to the surface, will prevail. To

prolong a dinner beyond a reasonable point, forcing one course after another upon your guests after the appetite has been satisfied, is insanity. It becomes nothing more nor less than a process of genteel stuffing. It means discomfort and rebellion—rebellion against a conventionality that sanctions such torture; for it is torture to be plied with food and feel obliged to eat it when the stomach protests and you know that you are deliberately injuring yourself, and all this that you may seem to be appreciative of a lavishness that falls little short of vulgarity.

### Our June Scrap-Book.

Green tea will revive rusty black lace and render it as good as new.

Spirits of turpentine is the thing with which to cleanse and brighten patent leather.

A soft cloth wet in alcohol is excellent for wiping off French-plate glass and mirrors.

The tone of the piano improves when the instrument is moved from the wall of the room.

To remove sewing-machine oil stains, rub the stain with sweet oil or lard and let it stand for several hours; then wash it in soap and cold water.

If you get ink on your fingers moisten them and rub with the brimstone end of a match. The stains will vanish.

Warts are seen frequently on the hands of children. They may be removed by rubbing them several times a day with a raw cut potato.

It is said that lemons may be kept fresh and good a long time by putting them in an open stone crock and covering them with cold water.

If castor oil is applied to a wart once a day for a month, the wart will entirely disappear. In many cases it will not require so long a time.

Drop a few small nails in the bottom of the ink bottle. This prevents pens from corroding, as the acid in the ink exhausts itself upon the nails.

To keep the nails free from hangnails, hollow half of a lemon slightly and dip the top of each finger into it twice a day before washing the hands.

The skin of a boiled egg, moistened and applied to a boil, will cause suppuration and relieve soreness in a few hours. It is an excellent application for a sty or inflamed eyelids.

A small piece of candle may be made to burn all night by putting finely powdered salt on it until it reaches the black part of the wick. A small, even light may be kept in this way.

A little kerosene oil rubbed briskly over the spots on dark clothing will brighten the garments and remove the stains almost like magic. The kerosene will evaporate quickly and leave no stain.

The Sunday headache is often the result of the additional Sunday morning nap in unventilated bedrooms, where the oxygen has been completely exhausted during the night, so that the extra hour's rest is really an hour more in the stupefying, poisonous gas.

A few drops of the tincture of benzoin, put into the water in which the face is bathed, will prevent the shiny appearance of the skin with which so many people are affected, especially in warm weather. A little lemon juice and water is also an excellent remedy for blotched and shiny skins.

Here is a recipe used by a well-known society lady, and which is vouched for by her as infallible in its effects: She procures a tin box or jar with a tight, close-fitting cover, and puts into the bottom a lot of lump ammonia. Then she suspends the gloves in the box or jar, closes it tightly, and allows it to remain this way four or five days. At the end of this time she removes the gloves, and finds that every spot has vanished.





ONE OF THE SWIFTEST CRUISERS ON WHITE BEAR LAKE, MINNESOTA.

**WHITE WINGS FROM ST. PAUL.**

It is at this season of the year that White Bear Lake presents its most attractive aspect. Its shore-lines are darkened by deep groves and its waters whitened by many a yacht-spread sail that lie fleck-like against the variegated horizon. It is in these waters that St. Paul's crack yachts are sailed, nearly all of which were made by a St. Paul man. Joseph Dingle, the builder of these boats, is known from St. Paul to the Atlantic and Pacific coasts. Prior to coming to this country he spent seven years in England in merchant ship-building. He has been a resident of this city twenty-four years, during which time he has established a reputation that is almost national. Mr. Dingle is a conscientious boat-builder. He desires that each boat made by him shall fairly represent his skill. It matters not what sort of boat is wanted, he can build it—be it steam yacht, sailing craft, rowboat, or the combination kind. The last named, by the way, is rather a novelty in Minnesota waters. It is a sail and rowboat

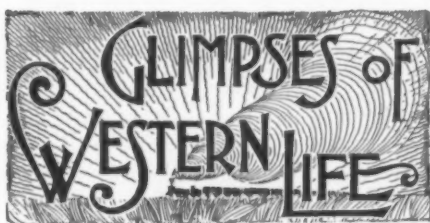
combined, just what so many persons feel the need of. Perhaps the fastest yachts that have been built at Dingle's West St. Paul yards are the "Katy D" and the "Columbia," both owned by St. Paul parties. Another fast yacht was built by him for Lake Winnebago, Wisconsin, last year. So far it has shown its heels to every opponent. Other specially constructed boats have been shipped to parties on the coasts; while nearly all the lakes hereabouts, that are at all worth mentioning, bear upon their sparkling waters rowboats or sailboats that were made by Mr. Dingle. All the craft built by him are noted for their beautiful lines and graceful appearance generally. They ride the water lightly and have safety as well as speed qualities. Our illustration shows the "Katy D," owned by Michael Doran, Jr., of this city.

Mr. Dingle is in the prime of life, and is still in love with his trade. An industrious and well-ordered career has brought him a modest competence, and he is known and respected for his rugged honesty and for his remarkable skill as a boat-builder. Although fully two-thirds

of the boats on White Bear were built by him, the other third ought to have been—since so prominent and successful a home boat-builder is, it would seem, entitled to every possible encouragement from local sources.

**LARGEST VESSEL ON THE GREAT LAKES.**

The largest vessel ever built on the great lakes was launched recently at the shipyards of the Globe Iron Works, Cleveland. The new steamer is being constructed for the Mutual Transportation Company of that city. Its measurements are: Length over all, 432 feet, forty-eight-foot beam and twenty-eight-foot depth. Its net tonnage on an eighteen-foot draught, is 6,700 tons of ore or 200,000 bushels of wheat. With a fourteen-foot draught it will carry 4,500 tons of ore. It was built in anticipation of a twenty-foot channel. The engines are of the inverted cylinder triple expansion type, with cylinders twenty-three, thirty-nine and sixty-three by forty-two inches. She will have four Scotch boilers eleven and one-half feet in diameter by ten feet in length.



### THE TWO SEAS.

O'erhead is a measureless sea of blue  
That droops to the rim of a prairie sea.  
And the sea of the smiling azure hue  
Seems to guard the limitless prairie free.

The morning sun, like a ship of fire,  
Comes sweeping over the earth-sea's rim  
And journeys on, still on and higher,  
Till earth o'erflows with light at the brim.

For one brief space the fire-ship stands,  
As if anchored in mid-heaven,  
And seems to view the prairie lands,  
And their untold wealth, deep hidden.

Then onward it glides to the other verge—  
That stands opposite to its rising,  
And sinks 'neath the crimson billows that merge  
And flow o'er the land of its dying.

Then sing the prairie winds to the night  
And call the great stars from their hiding,  
And croon to the moon in her cradle of light,  
And the earth, till the day's betiding.

Burton, N. D.

LOUISE TANNER.

### They Pulled Matches for an Office.

The recent election in Richfield, Wisconsin, resulted in a tie vote for two equally popular candidates for the office of town treasurer. To settle the matter the contestants good-naturedly agreed to draw matches. This was done, and the man who drew the longest match is now entitled to the honors and emoluments of the office.

### Duluth's Moose Sensation.

When Alexander C. Steele, who resides in Duluth, Minn., went out into his yard the other morning, he was astonished to find a young moose frisking around the lot. The animal was as tame as a cow, and was evidently getting a taste of city life. A large number of people gathered around quickly and Mr. Steele's first impulse was to shoot the beast, but some one reminded him of the severe law against shooting moose, and he refrained. At last a crowd of small boys took after the animal and it finally fled to the woods. Deer, are quite frequently seen in the vicinity, but moose do not often wander in so close.

### An "Ore True" Tale.

A Western contemporary recalls the story of Mark Twain's telling how the boys up in Utah got hold of a chunk of a Mormon's grindstone and worked it off on the camp assayer. He got an assay of \$300 to the ton in silver out of that grindstone, and the boys ran him out of camp. That was a true story, and yet that assayer was all right. In the early days the Mormons used to cut their grindstones out of what, afterwards, was known the world over as Silver Cliff. That cliff was a sand carbonate, and eventually it was discovered to be a wonderful deposit of silver ore. But that was too late to help the poor devil of an assayer who sampled the grindstone.

### An Interesting Parrot.

A trained parrot, at one of the upper windows of the Hotel State, afforded much fun and merriment to a large crowd of men the other morning. The parrot hits off opera singing to perfection. He has quite a repertoire of popular songs at his command, and loses no opportunity to display his talent. His singing of "Daisy," "Baby Mine," "Mollie Darling," and

"After the Ball," were particularly fine and won round after round of applause. Between songs, says the Walla Walla (Wash.) *Statesman*, Poll amused himself calling to the dogs, and he soon had a collection of dogs in front of the hotel large enough to fill the pound. The canines were much perplexed to determine the source of the calls, and were kept running wildly about from one person to another, trying to find out what was wanted. Poll has many good jokes to crack at his audience, and he uses them with almost human discrimination and intelligence.

### Suspicious Indian Patients.

The *Free Press* of Devils Lake, N. D., says that Dr. Kermott, the resident department physician at Fort Totten, in that State, was in the city recently on his way to Pembina County, where he will visit his children a few days. The doctor is a genial old gentleman to meet, and an interesting conversationalist. He has been at Fort Totten about four years. The Indians, as a rule, will never call a doctor for any purpose after dark, and Dr. Kermott is never disturbed after going to bed. In many cases, when he is called to prescribe for an Indian, he is obliged to take "a dose of his own medicine," as the suspicious nature of his patient will not allow him to take anything that the doctor will not take himself.

### Canada's New Marriage Scheme.

The mayor of Vancouver, B. C., has received a peculiar letter that was written in the interests of the young women of Toronto and other Eastern Canadian cities. In this unique epistle the writer states that, according to statistics, there is a shortage in the female population in the Northwest Territories and British Columbia amounting to about 40,000, and there is in Eastern Canada a corresponding overplus of young, unmarried women. In order to equalize matters it is proposed to send young women of good health and moral character to be distributed throughout the West wherever the demand is greatest, and for this purpose it is sought to establish a home at Vancouver for the reception and distribution of the young women for British Columbia.

### Unusual, but Interesting Experience.

South Dakota has an editor who travels an average of 200 miles each week in rounding up between two and three columns of news items. He is J. N. Fulford, of the Presho County *Argus*. The paper is printed in the ceded Sioux lands and under many adverse circumstances. Mr. Fulford's home and printing shop combined is situated six and one-half miles from Earling, the nearest post-office, which receives mail by stage on alternate days. His section is settled by ranchmen and farmers, whose dwellings are widely separated. The editor's house stands on the level prairie, alone in its glory, the nearest neighbor being several miles distant. But, notwithstanding the disadvantages under which he labors, the pioneer editor never loses heart. Placing a small-sized mountain howitzer in his pocket, he mounts his pony and starts out over the plain in quest of news, leaving his wife and children to manage affairs in the home office. Mrs. Fulford renders valuable aid in attending to the routine work of the office.

### Saved Eight Hundred and Thirty Miles.

Commissioner Pitcher, who came over from Wenatchee last week to attend the regular meeting of the board, states the Ellensburg (Wash.) *Capital*, performed a feat that reads like a memory of former days, rather than a narrative of travel in these days of steam and

electricity. To go from Wenatchee to Spokane on the Great Northern and from the latter point to Ellensburg on the Northern Pacific, necessitates traveling over 900 miles, and Mr. Pitcher concluded he would save the county a lot of mileage by journeying on foot over the mountains. He followed no road, but made a bee-line, as nearly as possible, for Ellensburg. He found the snow nearly five feet deep on the summit, and packed as firmly as ice, so that he had no trouble in traveling on it, and he declared it was better walking than some of the roads in the valley afforded. He timed himself so that he had daylight for the worst part of the trip, and got into town Sunday evening, without having once struck a conveyance coming this way. It took him two days to make the trip, the distance, as he came, being probably about forty miles. He stood the trip well and did not seem to regard the feat as anything extraordinary, though there is no doubt that it is an undertaking that would make a young man hesitate, while he, with his sixty years, might well be expected to decline a task of this nature.

### A Magician Among Aborigines.

"Nothing so completely mystifies an Indian," said Captain Partello of Fort Sill, at the Officers' Club recently, in Buffalo, Mont., "as to witness the operations of some itinerant sleight-of-hand performer, many of whom find their way into the sparsely settled portions of the Northwest. Professor McAllister, the magician, once visited a camp of River Crows on the Yellowstone, and, after extracting various packs of cards and other articles from the ears, necks, noses and garments of the astonished Indians, was invited to a big feast of roast dog and other delicacies. Chief Two Belly was so impressed by the great medicine powers of the professor that he took him to his wigwam and introduced him to his daughter, Miss Wicista-Neeta (meaning wild cat), offering her for a wife at the low price of two ponies. The feast and daughter were both declined, but as McAllister was leaving the tepee he spied a lean, yellow cur. He asked Chief Two Belly how much he would take for the dog, at the same time stroking the brute down the back to his tail's length, and each time taking a handful of money from the end of his tail.

"Him very valuable dog," said McAllister, picking a coin out of the dog's eye and another out of his nose. "Two ponies for him, chief."

"The Indians, with eyes as big as saucers, stood in awe and astonishment and shook their heads. After McAllister had gone they carried the poor dog down the river and cut him open; but the poor dog had no golden egg and they went slowly back to camp, as completely dumfounded and as solemn as human beings can possibly be."

### She Pumped Him Sober.

Not long ago a young man was scheduled to wed an estimable young lady of Rockford, S. D. On the morning of the wedding day he rode in from his farm, twelve miles west of town, and, after paying his respects at the lady's house, started out with the boys for a little celebration in honor of the occasion. By night he was scarcely able to don his wedding garments, after which, he started bravely for the residence of his prospective father-in-law. Even then he might have gone through the ceremony creditably had he not stopped for a final beer on the way; as it was, however, when he arrived at his destination he had to be supported into the bride's presence. Then it was that the damsel's patience gave way.

"Hold him under the pump!" she commanded.

The best man and the bride's father held the groom under the pump, while one of the guests



plied the handle. A few minutes of this heroic treatment sobered him completely. After the water the bride, flushed with her victory, and the groom, limp and dripping, but quite sober, took their places and the solemn words were spoken which made them man and wife.

We will venture the prediction that, in all his future bouts with wet goods, the husband will lay plans that will prevent his appearance in the family circle until the sobering-up process shall have been gone through elsewhere.

#### Along the Northern Pacific.

Speaking of the scenery along the Northern Pacific Railroad the *White River Journal* of Kent, Wash., says it is simply magnificent. "The Yakima Valley brings exclamations of wonder and delight, and the first view of the Cascades, with stately old Mount Rainier, is a picture that could not be copied by any of the great masters. Stampede tunnel is about two miles long and lighted by incandescent lamps—looking more like a street in a great city than anything else. The Switchback is always an interesting sight, and the mistakes of people inquiring for the name of the road above or below them brings shouts of laughter from those who have been there before. People who travel in the tourist cars rapidly become friends and soon know each other's joys and sorrows, the friendships formed on these cars often being of long duration. Many well-to-do people prefer the tourist to the palace car, on account of the conveniences of the car and the Bohemianism of the occupants.

#### Setting Aside the Constitution.

In a remote district of Montana is a justice of the peace who serves his constituents from year to year, partly because there is little or nothing in the office and it is doubtful if any one else could be found who would be bothered with the job.

He is not a lawyer. Indeed, he has often expressed himself as being proud of his ignorance of the law. It is a hobby with him. When cases come before him for settlement, vouches the *Helena Independent*, he tells the litigants that he doesn't care a snap whether they talk law to him or not. He intends to settle all matters according to the laws of common sense, he says. And, like the famous Arkansas justice, who said that he intended to settle the contention "on a p'int that none of ye have thought of," he often develops original theories in the application of his rules.

One day a lawyer from a neighboring town came before him in a contest for the possession of a cow. The justice had just finished one of his arbitrary rulings in reply to the motion of the lawyer to dismiss the case on a technicality.

"Your honor has no right to act as you have," said the young man. "It is clearly unconstitutional."

"Never mind about that, sonny," said the old gentleman. "We will set aside the Constitution, for the time, and attempt to ascertain what are the facts underlying this here case."

And having demonstrated that "this is not a court of technicalities" by disposing thus summarily of the fundamental principles of modern government, he proceeded with the trial, and it is said that he rendered a decision that withstood the test of an appeal.

#### Fleeing to the Mountains.

From time to time the *Bozeman (Mont.) Chronicle* has mentioned the peculiar views of J. D. Johnson, of that city, who for four years has been preparing for the end of the world. A few weeks ago Mr. Johnson and his oldest son left for Cottage Grove, Lane County, Oregon, where they will be joined by his wife and

daughter, his mother, and other members of his family, one of whom is a brother who lives in Oregon. When all are gathered together Mr. Johnson will lead them to a high, barren mountain, dig a deep cave, and await the end of the world, which, in his opinion, will be destroyed by fire in September of this year. He says that the Bible gives warning to the faithful to take this precaution, and he has concluded that the end will come on the date he has set.

About four years ago Mr. Johnson sold a farm of 160 acres, together with all his horses, implements, etc., realizing the sum of \$20,000, which in less than six months he had turned into cash. There is some doubt expressed as to his having spent all this money; but sure it is that, during the past few weeks, he has disposed of everything except the necessary wearing apparel of himself and family.

He is a deep Bible student, knowing the Book so well that one has only to quote from it, when he will turn to the chapter and verse.



A FRONTIER FAMILY.

A year or so ago he went to Oregon and converted his brother and his family, who have also disposed of their property and now await the end.

It is said of Johnson that he predicted the panic, and that for this reason he refused to put his money in the banks. Asked, before his departure, what he would do if the signs failed, Mr. Johnson said that he would go to the remotest and most inaccessible place in British Columbia, and there live out his life away from the haunts of man. He is about forty years of age, of quiet deportment, and apparently loath to force his ideas upon anyone.

#### He Expressed His Opinion.

"We had a funny experience the other day on the main line coming over from Missoula," said George P. Fowler, of Boston, to a *Helena Independent* man recently. "We were making good time on our run, for the train was a few minutes behind, when suddenly there was a jolt that threw us over our seats and brought the

train to a stand-still in an incredibly short time, caused by the sudden and vigorous application of the air brakes. We heard faint sounds of an altercation ahead and, of course, piled out to see what the matter was. There, in the middle of the track, stood an angry resident of the country. He was flourishing a spade and calling the railroad men all sorts of hard names, which it will be well if I do not repeat. It seems that he had a grievance, and he thought the trainmen were responsible for the injury done to a cow a short time before by one of the trains. He was mad clear through, and he showed it.

"He was standing in the middle of the track when the engine almost ran him down, and had refused to move, apparently, so long as there was any indication that the engineer intended to slack down. He flourished his arms in defiance of the train and all on board, the engineer said, and defied them to run over him. At first, the engineer thought the idiot would get off the track, but he didn't move to do so

and, as there was no one who wanted to see him killed, the brakes were applied. Just at the last minute he jumped. It must have been a funny sight. Then the engine stopped, and the trainmen were trying to find out what the matter was when we all got out.

"This receiver business is all a scheme to beat the people," he told them. "They have one set of 'em, and when a man sues the road for what he is entitled to he finds that there has been a change. Then he tries again to get justice and you switch the receivers again. I'm too long in this country to be monkeyed with, and if you think you can fool me you are away off." As he said it he gesticulated wildly and went away in a huff.

"That man had the spirit of a fellow who would buck a locomotive off the track or die trying, and I wouldn't be surprised to hear, when I come this way again, that he had got even with the receivers by standing on the track and letting a train run over him, or something of that sort."

## CHENEY--A PRODUCT OF WASHINGTON.

A journey over the Northern Pacific to Eastern Washington will show that all the country north of the Snake River is one immense plateau. On the highest point of this plateau, and at the ideal altitude of 2,400 feet, is Cheney. Extending a distance of fifty miles east and over one hundred west of Cheney, is the garden spot of the State. All the fine wheat-lands of Eastern Washington, including the famous Palouse and Big Bend districts, are located on this broad plateau. One could start from the Snake River near Lewiston, travel north and west to the Columbia River below the mouth of the Spokane, and for all this distance the route would be through one vast wheat-field or across lands equally adapted to high cultivation. Cheney is about midway on this route.

The town, which is in Spokane County and has about 1,500 inhabitants, not only lies in the center of a magnificently endowed territory, but enjoys exceptional commercial facilities as well. In addition to the advantages afforded it by the Northern Pacific system, it is also the terminus of the Central Washington road and within 145 miles of the junction of the Northern and the Union Pacific lines at Wallula. It has rail access to all the rich agricultural country surrounding and is the supply market for a large and populous district. This statement is verified by the fact that about 226,000 acres of Spokane County lands were under actual cultivation last year, the products being wheat, oats, barley, rye, hops and hay, and the yield running into millions of bushels of the choicest grains that can be grown anywhere. Nor are the possibilities of the country tributary to Cheney confined to grain-growing. It is also an ideal fruit country. The soil is deep, and throughout even the driest seasons it carries sufficient moisture to sustain all vegetation—fruits and root products of all kinds doing particularly well. Some of the best orchards in Washington are found in the vicinity of Cheney.

Back of all these primary elements of prosperity is a town that has kept pace with, but has not outrun, its environments. For Cheney is today one of the most prosperous and progressive communities in the State. A better example of Western thrift and enterprise it would be difficult to find. Few towns of twenty thousand inhabitants can surpass Cheney in point of public improvements and public and private enterprise generally. One grand monument to the liberality of its citizens and the progressiveness of the commonwealth is the Washington State Normal School. The school is situated on a slight eminence and commands an admirable view of the town and country. From its great tower may be seen the vast forest which separates the Big Bend and the Palouse districts, Steptoe Butte that lifts its rugged outlines against the southern horizon sixty miles or more away, the Thatuna Hills that rear their blue outlines to the south-east and are near Moscow, Idaho, more than

eighty miles distant; and far to the east, across plain and forest, is hoary-headed Mount Carleton. The Cœur d'Alene Mountains are in sight, too. There is no dearth of scenery—grand as brush can paint or mind conceive. Opened in 1890, the school has been in successful operation since and ranks among the leading institutions of learning in the Northwest. The building is large, massive, constructed on modern principles and accommodates nearly 700 students. One course of study covers a period of two years, another course a period of four years. It is from this school that Washington's teachers are graduated. Tuition and text-books are free, and entrance can be made at any time. With a well-equipped laboratory and gymnasium, a good library, general State and local support and a location that cannot be surpassed, the Cheney Normal School is certain to exercise a marked influence on all educational matters of the State.

As a rule, a town's prosperity may be measured by its general appearance. Cheney's ex-

tant. Back of Cheney is a wealth of cultivated country and thousands of acres of fertile land that invites new settlement. It is understood that D. F. Percival of Cheney has 40,000 acres for sale that is close to railways and admirably adapted to all kinds of fruit and grain-growing, stock-raising, dairying, etc., and which will be sold for seven to fifteen dollars per acre. This statement will show that, though the country is fairly well settled and land values are increasing, there is still an abundance of desirable farm and fruit-lands which can be bought at very reasonable figures. Grain is frequently sown in February, warm weather comes in March, there is no frost till November, no winter until Christmas, and cloudless skies and sunshiny days are the rule the year round.

Viewing Cheney as one may, from a social, intellectual, business, horticultural or agricultural standpoint, it presents marked advantages. It is an ideal place of residence, an inviting field for commercial and industrial enterprises, and it is in one of the best districts



STATE NORMAL SCHOOL AT CHENEY, WASHINGTON.

terior is attractive. It has graded streets, good sidewalks, pretty homes, well-kept grounds, and a business district that is constructed almost wholly of brick. The water-works plant cost \$70,000 and is one of the best known. It furnishes protection against fire, and supplies an abundance of pure water for all domestic purposes. An electric light plant illuminates streets, stores and houses. There is a first-class \$20,000 brick hotel, a big brewery, a large flouring-mill, an immense grain elevator—the only one in Eastern Washington; three creameries and cheese factories, which use 30,000 pounds of milk daily; two strong banks, excellent public schools, churches of every denomination and the usual social, literary and benevolent societies and secret orders.

This progress is not a mushroom growth. Improvements have been made as they were needed and as the town's circumstances war-

in Washington for those who wish to engage in fruit culture and farming.

### NO FLOWER HATH SUCH BEAUTY.

The snow-white flowers of summer-time—  
Fair globes of spotless purity;  
Fair blossoming vines that cling and climb,  
With star-gemmed branches floating free!  
Large, heavy roses dropping slow  
Their perfumed snow-flakes to the ground;  
Sweet lilies, with their heads bent low—  
As if Christ's praise, so long ago,  
Still held them listening to its sound!  
If they have caught such purity—  
If such perfection lives in them,  
Which are but as the broderie  
Upon Thy garment's outer hem,  
O thou all-perfect Christ! how bright  
The beauty glowing where Thou art!  
How radiant every saint in light  
Who lives and brightens in Thy sight—  
And loves and knows Thee heart to heart!

E. WILBUR MASON.



## A TRIP TO IDAHO.

Among those commonwealths composing the Northwestern Immigration Association, Idaho, one of our newest States, was the last to hold a convention for State organization. This meeting was held in Boise City on April second. It was well attended, having delegates from every county in the State except two, many of whom came five or six hundred miles by stage and rail to be present, thus showing the deep, widespread interest taken in the movement. Governor McConnell was the leading spirit. For weeks before the convention, he carried on an extensive correspondence not only with representative citizens of Idaho, but with the people of other States interested in the movement. Invitations were sent to all the Northwestern States to have representatives present. As a result, there were visiting delegates from Minnesota, Nebraska, Colorado, Utah, Oregon and Washington. The governor and citizens of Boise City had made perfect preparations for receiving and entertaining the State and visiting delegates, and their warm hospitality was greatly appreciated by all.

Without exception, delegates from a distance were strongly impressed by what they saw, not only in Boise City, but throughout Idaho. Boise City is an old, wealthy town, well built and metropolitan in every respect, with few of the attributes of a raw, Western town. It is the seat of many flourishing institutions, and the whole town is a bower of fruit orchards and flower gardens. The morning of my arrival, April 1, found the town and environs an expanse of white and pink fruit-bloom, while the great rose-bushes, many of which covered the sides of the dwellings from eave to foundation, were budded for bloom. Acequias for irrigation border the curb of every street, and these, in addition to the water-works, make it possible to have the finest lawns I have ever seen in any city or country.

We visitors were greatly delighted with the system of heating the houses, a system that is quite peculiar to Boise. Hot water springs and artesian wells, with the temperature nearly at the boiling point, are piped all over the town and the dwellings are thus heated with hot water derived from the bowels of the earth. We were no less interested to see the streets sprinkled with hot water; and, after hot water is used for cooking the family potatoes and eggs and is sufficiently cooled, it is then turned upon the lawns in the front yard. With this bit of information the secret of the luxuriance of the vegetation around Boise City will be easily understood. Hot water, a rich soil, and a genial climate, all contribute.

About two hundred delegates attended the convention, which was marked by the deepest interest throughout. Many were the fervid but truthful talks describing the wonderful mineral, agricultural, timber and stock-raising resources of the State. As the convention progressed the enthusiasm increased, and the result was a permanent organization with Eugene Buchanan, of Moscow, as president, a result which is certain to do much toward bringing the advantages of Idaho prominently before the migrating world.

The citizens and mine owners of Boise City have organized a Mining Board, and the specimens of mineral that were exhibited were surprising in their richness and variety. A half-dozen prosperous mining-camps lie north and east and almost within sight of the State-house at Boise. But the fact which most impressed the visitors was the great extent and perfection already reached by the various irrigation enterprises of the State. Those of us who have had practical experience on irrigated lands, noted

especially that the soil was of such a character that it does not drift when broken up and placed under cultivation. The great drawback to irrigation, the drifting of the dry, powdered soil, is absent here, yet the soil is not sufficiently heavy, on the other hand, to pack and bake when irrigated. One important irrigation enterprise, the Boise & Nampa Canal, already finished, has reclaimed over 60,000 acres of land, all of the highest quality and within sight of Boise. Nampa, twenty-two miles from Boise and on the line of the Union Pacific Railroad, struck many of us as a place with a splendid future, as it is in the midst of irrigation for miles in every direction. The Boise River, from which the water for irrigation is supplied, while scarcely over 100 miles in length, is in volume one of the large rivers of this country. Its volume at the time I was there was apparently larger than that of the Mississippi at St. Paul, notwithstanding that the annual spring rise from the mountain snows had not commenced. On my return I visited the Snake River, on the dividing line between Idaho and Oregon. Along its valley the climate is even milder than at Boise, and one cannot help being impressed with the belief that there is a great fruit-raising future for this section; and to see the alfalfa—as I did at this early stage of the season—six to eight inches in height, with hundreds of horses, cattle and hogs grazing upon it, indicates that it will be equally successful as a stock-raising region.

I made a short stop at Ontario, Ore., on the Snake River, a town which seems to have prosperity before it. Over five great rivers unite with the Snake within a radius of twenty miles of this place, and an abundance of water in a desert country means capacity for population and prosperity. My last stop in Idaho was in Payette. The Payette River, rising among the snows of the rugged and almost inaccessible heights of the Saw Tooth Mountains, was carrying a volume of water probably twice as large as that which passes over the Falls of St. Anthony at an average stage. Yet this river, like the Boise, is not over 100 to 125 miles in length; and while we stood in the midst of the sage-brush desert at Payette we could see the vast forests, surmounted by the snow-clad heights of this monarch of mountain ranges, which precipitates the moisture that supplies the volume of water for these large streams. I visited many beautiful prune, apple and pear orchards about Payette, all of which, when properly managed, have proven very profitable to their owners. Water here, indeed, means everything to agriculture. On the lower side of an irrigating canal I found great meadows, fine orchards, and the country cultivated like a garden; on the upper side of the canal the sage-brush of the original desert still reigns supreme.

My last stop was at Baker City, Ore., an important lumbering and mining center for a vast district in the eastern part of the State. I was not a little interested by a visit to the Virtue gold mine, which, the day I was there, made a clean-up of \$30,200 from a twenty-two days' run in a twenty-stamp mill. Even so inexperienced a person in mining as myself cannot help entertaining the belief that around Baker City will yet be developed one of the greatest, if not the greatest, gold-camp in America.

D. R. MCGINNIS.

## TWO VICTORS.

A rush, a shock, fierce calls;  
Two knights in full array.  
Courage,—a crash! One falls;  
The other wins the day.  
A rush, a shock, fierce calls;  
Shorn crests, and pierced mail.  
Twice victor, though he falls,—  
He's passed beyond Life's pale!

Cheshire, Conn.

A. JESSUP.

## VANISHED PERILS AND HARDSHIPS.

The West has never been measured at its true value by Eastern people. Fifty years ago New York could see little in Pittsburg or Cincinnati, and Pittsburg and Cincinnati had no faith in Chicago and St. Louis. So, today, it is difficult to make the Chicago man believe that the growth of Denver, Spokane, Tacoma and Seattle is permanent, and their future greatness assured beyond doubting.

It is an historical fact that the development of this country and the growth of this nation have always rested on bad judgment, or rather upon what appeared to be bad judgment at the time. Men of cautious temperament have not been attracted to the wilderness. Prudence was not the quality that sent the pioneer over the Cumberland Gap into Kentucky and the lands bordering the Ohio and the Mississippi; and it must be confessed that there was little caution or sound judgment in the long immigrant trains that carried the pioneers to the Pacific Coast. With them, adventure and love of action were the controlling forces; the prudent men and women remained in the old homes and clung to the old surroundings.

The time has passed, however, when to cross the Mississippi River and to pass over the Rocky Mountains implies a reckless and adventurous spirit. The perils and the hardships of pioneer days have vanished, and they will not return. Today the farther West has all the conveniences and refinements to be found in New England; and it has greater opportunities and a superior climate. Men may bring their wives and children across the continent and subject them to none of the hardships and privations of former days. The trip has ceased to be dangerous and irksome; it has become a pleasant outing; a mild adventure; a tonic to flagging hope and subsiding ambition.

In the past, the growth of the West has surpassed all expectations. There is reason to think these surprises will continue. Certainly the Pacific Coast will not cease to expand and develop in wealth and population so long as the raw materials of wealth are spread around in unclaimed profusion. With more than 60,000,000 people to the East of us; with the surplus population of Europe crossing to these shores; with the wild land to the North responding to the advances of civilization and with Asia awakening from her seclusion of the ages, we may catch faint glimpses of the wonders of the future, but it would be difficult for the conservative resident of the Pacific Coast to comprehend the true extent of this future growth, and it would be impossible for the average resident of the Eastern portion of this country to have full faith in the reasonable expectations of the Western people.—*Spokane Spokesman-Review*.

## HOW SAND-HILLS GROW.

One who has watched the growth of sand-hills says they are not "made" so much as planted. Wherever a patch of "marrum grass" takes root, there the sand blown from the great bank gathers round it. As the sand spreads, the grass grows through it, until the hard, dry blades form the nucleus of thousands of tons of "hills." Near Holkham Bay, on the Pacific Coast, there lay not forty years ago a wet lake inside the high sand. There the gunners used to hide for curlew, digging holes and filling them with marrum grass to make them dry and comfortable. This grass took root, the sand gathered round, and where the lake lay is now a tumultuous mass of rounded hillocks, rising twenty feet above high-water level—built by the marrum grass from the surplus driftings of the mighty sand.



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E. V. SMALLEY, - EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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#### IS WAR OBSOLETE?

In St. Paul there is rather a novel organization called the Informal Club, composed of fifty gentlemen who meet once a fortnight at some private residence, sup and smoke together and discuss the questions of the day. At a recent meeting the topic of arbitration was on the carpet and Capt. Henry A. Castle, himself a gallant ex-soldier, made the rather startling statement that there will never be another great land battle between civilized nations, for the reason that with the new arms of precision and long range, the smokeless powder and the terrible inventions in the way of machine guns, two armies approaching within a mile and a half of each other would both be annihilated. Capt. Castle thought that a great sea battle may yet occur, but that it would be so destructive that no nation would want to try another. In a word, his view was that the science of destruction has so far outrun the science of defense that war is already practically obsolete.

According to an eminent writer on sociology, the chief occupations of man are "making war, making love and making things." Is the first of these three main lines of human activity to be abandoned? If so, must there not be a radical change in human nature? Is it not more probable that, instead of the actual clash of battle, future wars will consist mainly of maneuvers and grand tactics and strategy, with occasional skirmishes at long range? By this method of campaigning, when one general has outmaneuvered the other and has him at a disadvantage so that he is in a position to inflict more damage than he can suffer in the event of an actual conflict, the army that is beaten in the military game of chess will acknowledge its defeat as a scientific fact, and the nation to which it belongs will negotiate for peace. There was a time in the middle ages when defensive

armor was much superior to weapons. That was before gunpowder came into use. A battle was actually fought on the plains of Lombardy which lasted all day and in which only one man perished, and he died from fatigue and the weight of his armor. Physical endurance determined battles in that time, and not the number killed and wounded on one side or the other. It is possible that, in the future, intellectual superiority will be the determining factor.

#### A DRAWBACK TO PROSPERITY.

In all our Western cities a serious drawback to the resumption of general prosperity is unquestionably the large investments made in speculative real estate in the boom times. This is especially the case in St. Paul and Minneapolis and also in Omaha, Sioux City, Duluth, Spokane, Tacoma, Seattle, and numerous places of less importance. Men in every line of business and professional work were persuaded to buy unproductive real estate, paying a small part of the purchase price down and giving notes for the balance. Their expectation was to sell at a profit before remaining payments became due, but the bubble of speculation collapsed and, not willing to lose the good money they had put into these so-called "deals," they have scrimped and saved and crippled themselves in their regular business to save the properties from foreclosure. The vacant lots earn no income, but the mortgages work remorselessly night and day, devouring money all the time. Of course, there are many cases where the investors in this sort of imaginary property gave it up to the mortgagees, but even then they did not always secure release from the consequences of their folly; for the vacant lots failed to bring the amount of the over-due payments and the purchasers were sued on their notes, if they had any good property that could be levied upon. Thousands of good citizens have been hampered and discouraged by these old obligations remaining from the great speculative epoch, and have not been able to carry on their affairs with the energy and enterprise they might have shown had they been free from these burdens.

Then there is another class of people who have managed to pay up in full for their real estate, but it is not salable and it brings no income. Consequently they find a portion of their means locked up in a form of investment that demands taxes from them every year and is liable to heavy assessments for city improvements. If all the money that has gone into idle and unproductive real estate in St. Paul—and we name this city only as an example of what is true of many others—were now available for use in extending and strengthening business and in establishing new enterprises, the hard times would already be a memory of the past. But the reader may say that all this money has not been buried or sunk in the sea; somebody got it and it should now be in somebody's hands and available for business. Of course it is in existence somewhere, but most of it went East to the creditor communities, where mortgages find their market. It is piled up in Eastern banks and trust companies, and its owners are afraid to send it West for investment. The fact that somebody has this vast amount of money, earned in business and professional work and then stuck in vacant lots all around our cities, does not help out the situation. The people who paid for these lots, or who are still paying interest on the mortgages that rest upon them, need the money in their daily affairs, and the fact that they cannot get it back is one of the chief obstacles to an immediate restoration of good times.

We are not going to attempt to point out a

remedy for this unfortunate state of things. Every man must struggle with his own problem. No general rule will apply. Whether A should drop his real estate as a dead loss or continue to carry it, is a question which A must decide for himself, in view of all the circumstances of his individual case. Our purpose is only to call attention to a condition which is being slowly outgrown, but which we shall not fully escape from for years to come. This condition is the legitimate and inevitable legacy of speculative folly; and, as we were all seized with the same craze for quick and easy money-making by buying and selling little patches of ground called lots, no one can well say to his neighbor, "Thou fool!"

#### CAMPBELL SOIL-CULTURE METHOD.

The method of soil culture for lands receiving an inadequate rainfall, devised by H. W. Campbell, of Sioux Falls, which we have discussed in previous issues of this magazine, is to be thoroughly tested this year in a number of States which lap over into the sub-arid belt. Concerning the experiments to be made in North Dakota, B. S. Russell, of Jamestown, one of the most ardent and intelligent of the promoters of the agricultural interests of that State, writes as follows to the editor:

"Some time since an editorial in THE NORTHWEST referred to the improved soil-culture method devised by Mr. H. W. Campbell of Sioux City, Iowa, and stated that it would be tried on the line of the Soo Road and under my supervision.

"In February last Mr. Campbell came here and lectured on, and explained, his method and what the results had been in the past three years in South Dakota, Western Kansas and Nebraska and Colorado. He was at Jamestown, Carrington, Larrimore, Fargo and Lisbon. I was with him at all these places except Larrimore, and the interest created was very great. His method carried conviction to all who heard him. He claims that by the proper plowing and "packing" of the ground, using a tool specially made for the purpose, one of his own invention, then drilling the grain and cultivating it while growing, good yields can be had each year without any regard to the amount of rainfall, and he proved this by facts and figures made at the stations named in the four States named above, and also from results by the same method at Cornell University, New York; and the additional expense per acre over the ordinary method, he claims, will not exceed \$1.25. One man at Fargo, who had with crude tools worked 400 acres, says it will not exceed \$1 an acre over the old method. The results of these lectures were such that five experimental stations are located on the line of the Northern Pacific Railroad, namely, at Jamestown, Lisbon, Pingree, Dawson and Glenullen; four on the line of the Soo Road,—Forman, Oakes, Courtenay and Harvey; and five on the Great Northern Road, I do not know what places.

"In addition to these, the Carrington & Casey Company will use it upon a part of one of their farms; and Fisk & Parker, east of Carrington, and nine or ten others in Foster County, have bought the "packer" to use on their farms in preparing the ground for seed in ordinary cultivation. Others will doubtless follow their example; for the "packer" is offered at the low price of \$45, as an inducement to farmers to try it. As the season progresses, weekly examinations will be made of the amount of moisture in the soil under this treatment and that under the ordinary method, down to the depth of twenty-four inches, and this will be done for both this and next year. Such is an outline of this method, which probably will demonstrate that the soil in North Dakota, when practi-



ually and intelligently worked, will yield most excellent and profitable results, in dry as well as in moist seasons."

#### A CENTRAL MINNESOTA MOVEMENT.

An important immigration convention was held at St. Cloud, on May 15th, composed of delegates from ten counties in Central Minnesota,—Morrison, Todd, Douglas, Pope, Stearns, Benton, Sherburne, Wright, Meeker and Kandiyohi. Chas. F. Hendryx, editor of the *Sauk Center Avalanche*, presided. Two lines of topics were discussed with a good deal of ability: first, the opportunities offered by these Central Minnesota counties for more people to go upon the land, and, second, the desirability of more careful farming and stock-raising. President Schurmeier, of the State Immigration Association, showed that the good work of the organization which he directs is already bearing abundant fruit. He said that the exceptionally large amount of agricultural land that has been sold in the State by the railroad companies and individual owners, during the winter and early spring months, is a significant index of the great number of farmers that are coming into Minnesota to cultivate its productive soil. The official reports obtained from the railroad land commissioners show that more than 123,000 acres of farming lands in the State were sold to actual settlers by various railroad companies during the months of January, February, March and April. The amount disposed of greatly exceeded the sales during the same months in any previous year. The number of applications for lands thus far in the month of May, show the same proportionate increase. The sales of lands by individual owners are correspondingly large.

Perhaps the most notable feature of the proceedings of the convention was the address delivered by Prof. Shaw, of the State Agricultural College, on "Agriculture and Stock-raising in Central Minnesota." Prof. Shaw has been a prominent and welcome figure at nearly all the immigration conventions held in Minnesota this year. He is a cyclopedia of facts that have a direct bearing upon the prosperity of the farmer, and he knows how to present them in such an interesting way that he captivates his audiences. He knows a great deal about soils, grasses, rainfall, livestock, methods of tillage and methods of feeding stock, and farmers who hear him are speedily convinced that they are not listening to a theorist, but are getting big chunks of real, scientific information that is of actual money value to them in their business.

The ten counties represented at St. Cloud are not a new region in the sense of having been first occupied by farmers in recent years. Their settlement dates back to the sixties and the early seventies. They possess, however, a great deal of good land that is untilled and that can be bought at from four to ten dollars an acre. These lands will be worth thirty dollars an acre in a few years. Climate, soil, timber, native grasses, water-courses, water-powers, railroads, towns and nearness to large city markets, all combine to make these central counties a very desirable field for further settlement by farmers, dairymen and stockmen.

As an illustration of the friendly relations now existing between the great railway companies of the Northwest we may mention the fact that an arrangement has just been made by which the Northern Steamship Company, a corporation closely allied by ownership and management to the Great Northern Railroad, will hereafter ticket passengers from Buffalo, Cleveland and Detroit to all points on the Northern Pacific Railroad, thus giving tourists their choice of lines from Duluth westward.



THE oldest weekly newspaper in Montana, the *Deer Lodge New Northwest*, is now edited by our former contributor, Dr. A. H. Hersey, a competent, enterprising journalist and an old-timer in the Rockies. It would be hard to find any nook or corner in Montana, any valley, mining-camp or cattle-range with which Dr. Hersey is not familiar from personal visits. He is an authority on the geography, resources, climate and social and political life of the entire big State, and as a fluent and interesting writer his fund of knowledge must be of great advantage to the paper with which he has associated himself.

THERE is talk among the railroad managers of a number of companies operating lines in the Northwest about uniting to build a co-operative rail-mill in order to get their rails at a lower price than that fixed by the steel-rail trust recently formed. This trust put up the price of rails five dollars a ton at a single jump, and threatens to add another five dollars. The best point for the erection of the proposed mill would unquestionably be either Duluth or Superior, where iron ore and coal meet on the most favorable terms. Few people know how great is the consumption of rails for renewals only of large railway systems like the Northern Pacific or the Great Northern, or what an important addition to the current expenses of such systems an increase of five dollars a ton amounts to in the course of a year.

THE Pendleton *East Oregonian* calls attention to the long lists of newly-fledged lawyers and doctors turned out upon the community every year from the schools and the medical colleges and the alarming prevalence of incompetency in the practice of law and medicine. The moral is that there should be more thorough training for these professions and fewer half-educated men engaged in learning them at the expense of clients and patients. "In no European country," says the *East Oregonian*, "is admission to the study of law or medicine permitted except through a substantial general education with a bachelor's degree. In the United States anybody, no matter what his intellectual fitness, may become a lawyer or doctor by the simple payment of the fees asked at so-called law or medical colleges. The public suffers the penalty of all this license to incompetents."

THE great Government dry dock at Port Orchard, in Puget Sound, is now completed and is the second in size in the world, the largest being at Spezzia, Italy. It will dock the largest of our new battle-ships. England is building a dock of the same dimensions at Portsmouth. The site at Port Orchard was chosen because of the advantages for defense against a hostile fleet by shore batteries and torpedoes. In this respect it is comparable with the British dry dock at Esquimaux, on Vancouver Island, which can only be approached by ships through a narrow channel. The cost of the Port Orchard dock was about \$600,000. So far as facilities for naval defense is concerned, not taking war ships into account, we are now about on a par with England on the North Pacific Coast. We are, however, much more vulnerable to at-

tack, because our interests on Puget Sound, on Gray's Harbor, on Willapa Harbor, and on the Columbia River, that might be assailed by a naval armament, are of much greater importance than hers in British Columbia. To protect these interests we need modern coast fortifications and new long-range guns.

THE old project for damming the Missouri River twelve miles from Helena and transmitting electric power to that city has been revived and gives fair promise of being carried out. The scheme, as now put forth, has been considerably broadened and embraces the furnishing of power to the numerous mining-camps near Helena, where it could be cheaply employed for working hoists and pumps and running drills. The promoters also propose to erect stamp-mills for crushing low-grade ores, using for this purpose the electric power transmitted to some convenient point on the railroads entering Helena, where the ores could be assembled from a large number of mines. All this looks feasible and business-like. It is high time that Helena took some steps towards new growth, and this seems to be the best proposed. Great Falls has come forward rapidly during the past decade, because of its water-power and its great reduction works. If Helena can successfully utilize the Missouri River power and use it, not only for lighting and for minor manufactures but also for mine-working and for a huge custom stamp-mill, she will speedily add ten thousand to her present population. All her capitalists and business men should lend a helping hand to this enterprise.

THE great prairie country in Northern Minnesota and the two Dakotas has received a more thorough soaking during the past spring than it has had for six or seven years. The ponds and sloughs are full of water and long-dry coulees have been converted into swift streams. The level of Devil's Lake, the big salt sea of North Dakota, has risen over a foot. A great deal of low-lying land in the Red River Valley was overflowed, so that seeding was seriously delayed and in some localities had to be abandoned. This exceptionally heavy precipitation proves what climatologists have all along been preaching to a somewhat skeptical public, namely, that there has been no permanent change in the climate of any part of the North American continent and that dry years are counterbalanced in the long run by wet years; so that, taking any given decade, the total amount of precipitation varies only to a very slight extent from that of any other decade. So it is with regard to heat and cold. The mean temperature of any year does not vary much from that of any other year, and if you take a series of years you will find that there is hardly any variation at all from the mean temperature of any previous series. In our Northern wheat regions the recent heavy rainfall will prove a blessing in the long run, although in certain localities and in cases of individual farmers it may have brought serious consequences this year. The general result is to give the ground such a deep and thorough wetting that good crops may be depended on for two or three years to come.

A MINNESOTA man who makes a journey in Northern Ohio and Western Pennsylvania, as I have done recently, is likely to be pretty strongly impressed with the vast extent of the industries dependent upon Lake Superior iron ore for their existence—the great population these industries support in Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Youngstown, Newcastle, and other places, and the wealth they have created. I do not mean alone the making of iron and steel direct

from the ore, although that is of itself an enormous business, but also the multitude of manufactures that use iron and steel as their chief material. I do not think it would be an exaggeration to say that over half a million people in Ohio and Pennsylvania are directly supported by making articles which could not be made at all in those States if the ores of the Lake Superior region were not available at low prices, and that another half million are indirectly supported or at least greatly benefitted by these ores. Now, the serious side of the matter for us in Minnesota is that our own State derives but a very small advantage, comparatively, from the possession of its rich ore deposits. Capitalists from other States secure possession of our mines, paying a trifling tax and royalty, and proceed to take out the ore, haul it to the lake on their own railroads, and ship it to Lake Erie ports on their own vessels. It yields to our people perhaps fifty cents a ton, but once in the hands of the furnaces, mills and factories of Ohio and Pennsylvania, it is made into the primary and secondary products of iron and steel and becomes worth an average value of more than a hundred dollars a ton. Cities and towns are based mainly upon it and farmers profit by supplying food to those cities and towns. The ore, once taken out of the ground, does not grow again like the crops of our prairies. It is gone forever. Thus we are being constantly denuded of our natural wealth to enrich other communities.

WHAT are we going to do about it? What can we do about it? We cannot impose an export tax on our ore without running against the United States Constitution. We might, however, impose a much heavier State tax upon it and thus get a large revenue from it to go towards the maintenance of our State institutions, and at the same time we might make it a matter of settled State policy to encourage the manufacture of iron and steel here at home. It should be the ambition of Minnesota to build up on her own soil iron and steel-works that will at least supply the demands of the Northwest. A State that sends away its most valuable raw material and buys it back again in the form of manufactured articles needed for daily use, is at a disadvantage in the race for wealth. All possible encouragement should be given by public opinion, by local capital and by legislation, to the establishment of industries here at home that will work up our ores. True, we have no coal in Minnesota for iron-working, but Ohio coal and Pennsylvania coke are brought to Duluth and Superior on vessels that take our wheat down the lakes, and the rate of water-carriage is so low that it is no longer an important factor in the problem, and it should be fully counterbalanced by the saving in the cost of the ore.

Now that color and musical sounds are known to be closely allied, the influence of color harmonies and contrasts on sensitive minds begins to be understood and painters perceive that landscape pictures should not be mere attempts to copy nature on a greatly reduced scale, such as the small area of a canvas permits, but should seek to convey the color sensations which are found in nature. All sensations come from vibrations, and the vibratory effect of a patch of blue sky, or a mass of scarlet poppies, may produce as keen a pleasure as a grand chord on an organ. One of the chief charms of travel in the Yellowstone National Park is found in the wonderful color effects seen in the boiling springs. No one fully knows the highest beauties of color until he has seen them produced in great basins of living water held in rims of marble-like whiteness and set in a frame of evergreen forests. Far more

charming than the colors of gems or of flowers are the superb greens, blues, pinks and yellows of these boiling fountains. Other wonderful color effects are seen in the astonishing walls of the Grand Canyon, where nature has painted the rocks with mineral dyes that defy reproduction on canvas. In fact, every effort to delineate these colors in paintings produces a somewhat tawdry effect, whereas, on the grand scale that nature works in, along the stupendous and fantastically carved sides of the enormous crevasse the brilliant coloring is perfectly harmonious. If you are a lover of color, by all means go to the National Park.

In casting about for new issues it is strange that the chronic reformers who take up the silver question, the labor question, the woman's suffrage question, the prohibition question, and a lot of other issues, do not get on to the lawyer evil and agitate for an anti-lawyer crusade. We will admit that lawyers are a necessary evil and that, like the Texan's gun, when we want them we want them "damned bad," but their number might be limited by law so that there should not be vast hordes of them to stir up strife and to eat up good property by enormous fees. If there were a limit to the number authorized to practice in any community, so that all would have a fair show for earning a living, clients would not have to pay such heavy fees as are now often charged. It frequently happens that a lawyer, after loafing for months, will get a case out of which he will try to make a whole year's living. The rapacity of lawyers employed in connection with bankruptcy proceedings, where large corporations are involved, is almost proverbial. A bankrupt estate should be administered with the closest economy and the strictest integrity; yet, when a big company falls by the wayside in the struggle for business and is handed over to the tender mercies of a court, the lawyers pounce on it like vultures and tear its vitals out, and all is done with the sanction of a learned judge who was lately a lawyer himself and remembers the joy he felt in pocketing exorbitant fees.

AN arrangement made recently with the Northern Pacific receivers may be taken as an indication of a progressive policy to be pursued by the new company after the reorganization is completed. The Montana Railroad Company is a local corporation which is grading a line from Townsend, on the N. P., through the Belt Mountains to reach, first, the old and prosperous county-seat town of White Sulphur Springs, and a few miles further east the silver mining-camp of Castle. In Castle a number of excellent mines were opened a few years ago, but experience in working them showed that while they would be amply profitable with a railroad to haul out the ores, they were not good business propositions so long as a sixty-mile wagon-haul was required to get to the nearest railroad point. The Montana Company now makes a contract with the Northern Pacific receivers to furnish the steel for the new line. This arrangement will make the new road practically a branch of the N. P. system and give to the latter a new and valuable feeder. By November next the road will be running to Castle, the mines will resume work and Castle will become a very lively camp. The whole of Meagher County, which is now without any rail communication with the rest of Montana, will be sure to receive a new impetus from this enterprise. White Sulphur Springs will be brought within four hours' travel from Helena, and the many handsome valleys lying along the eastern slope of the Belt Range will attract a population of small farm-

ers, who will take ditches out of the mountain streams and open irrigated farms and dairy ranches.

SOME of the newspapers in Montana are advising the merchants of that State to boycott the wholesalers of St. Paul and Minneapolis and to transfer their trade to Chicago, because the newspapers of the Minnesota cities are not in favor of the free coinage of silver at the ratio of sixteen to one. The newspapers of Chicago are just as strongly and unanimously opposed to free coinage as those of the Twin Cities. The proposition is therefore to injure the neighbors and friends of Montana because of a difference of opinion on a question of national politics, and to benefit a distant city that is equally at variance with the dominant Montana opinion. This is a queer and illogical idea. Suppose we turn the proposition around and say, that because the newspapers of Montana do not agree with those of St. Paul, Minneapolis and Chicago on the silver question, therefore it would be the right and proper thing for the stock-yards of these three cities to refuse to buy any Montana cattle and sheep; and because the Boston papers do not endorse the silver views of the Montana papers, the Boston wool merchants should refuse to buy Montana wool. Reflect on this awhile, brother journalists of the Rockies, and, while you are reflecting, remember the wise saying of a great philosopher, that the finest flower of civilization is tolerance. To desire to injure other people in their persons or their business because they do not hold the opinions that you hold on politics, religion or other matters, is to class yourselves as survivals from the old dark ages of bigotry and barbarism.

A HINT to contributors: In writing a man's full name do not prefix it with Mr. Every man is a Mister; consequently the title signifies nothing. As a handle in conversation it is convenient, but in writing it is superfluous. It saves time in writing and money in typesetting to leave out all superfluities. Drop the title Esquire altogether. It has no significance in these modern, common-sense times. Formerly it was applied in England to landowners, lawyers, and others of the gentry class, to distinguish them from common people. In this country lawyers and justices of the peace used to claim it as a right, and it was thought to be complimentary, when you were writing to a person of some consequence, to address him as John Smith, Esq., instead of Mr. John Smith. Nobody cares a rap for it now. The title Honorable is very much overworked. It is a pure courtesy in any case and was formerly limited to members of Congress, State governors, and a few other high officials. Now, every man who has ever served in a State Legislature or on a county board is given this title by the local newspapers. If the fondness for buttons and official titles continues to grow in the United States, we may come before long to the German custom of giving to every man and his wife the full designation of the position he holds, in introductions to other people and on the addresses of letters. Then it will be Mr. City Councilman Jones, Mrs. Justice of the Peace Johnson, Mr. President of the Chamber of Commerce Thompson, and Mrs. Chief of Police Smith. That custom has at least the merit of accurate designation, whereas Honorable means nothing or anything.

ECHO CAVE.—Three miles from Nez Perce, Idaho, is one of the wonders of this recently-opened empire—an echo cave that is 300 feet long, 100 feet deep and ninety feet high, carved as with a chisel from the solid rock. Opposite this is the astonishing phenomena of the double-echo cave, where whole sentences are said to be duplicated with the most marvelous accuracy.





The appearance of a new edition of Webster's Dictionary is an important event in the world of education and literature. Many millions of people have been taught the spelling, meaning and derivation of English words from one or another of the many editions of Webster which have appeared since the original work was published in 1828. There were only 2,500 copies printed of that first edition, and the book resembled the great "International," which has just been issued, about as much as the sapling resembles the full-grown oak. But, just as the peculiarities and possibilities of the sturdy tree exist in the sapling, so the plan and purpose of Noah Webster as worked out in his first "Dictionary of the American Language" can be traced through all the subsequent editions and have governed the labors of the able lexicographers that have carried his work forward since his death in 1843. Noah Webster's portrait faces the title page of this latest edition, and his biography opens the volume. The title of "Webster's Unabridged," which has done service for a generation, is now wisely supplanted by that of "Webster's International;" wisely, because the dictionary is now an authority wherever the English language is spoken. No other dictionary of the language can compare with this in number of copies sold, and no other has so faithfully followed, in successive editions, the growth and enrichment of the English tongue. A book that serves the daily needs of people in Australia, New Zealand and South Africa and in England, the United States and Canada, can rightly be called international. We are glad to note that the publication still remains in the hands of the G. & C. Merriam Company, of Springfield, Mass., which has been identified with it nearly half a century, and that Noah Porter, of Yale College, whose connection with the work dates back to the edition of 1864, still remains in the chair of editorship. This superb new edition fills every requisite of a perfect dictionary for home, school and office use.

Montana has an exceptionally romantic early history, embracing the journeys of the early French explorers, the great expedition of Lewis and Clarke, the invasion of the gold-seekers, the brave deeds of the vigilantes who established law and order over many thousands of square miles of wild country, the long struggle with the Indians, culminating in the Bannock war and the remarkable retreat of Chief Joseph, and a long list of notable events in the career of the courageous pioneers. The State is fortunate in having an enterprising Historical Society, which diligently collects and preserves all material of importance connected with its early settlement and its development from the days of the fur-trappers and prospectors to the present time of railroads, cities, colleges, newspapers, and general prosperity. For many years this society was in the competent and enthusiastic care of the late Col. W. F. Wheeler, its librarian. On his death, last year, the office was transferred to his son, Harry S. Wheeler, who, with the co-operation of its president, Judge Cornelius Hedges, and its secretary, Fred Gomer, has just brought out a handsome volume of "Contributions," the second issued during the life of the society. This volume of 400 pages will be very interesting reading from cover to cover to all Montanians. It is made up in great part of public addresses delivered on

occasions connected with State history, journals of eminent pioneers and of military officers, and sketches of the lives of prominent old-timers. One of the best papers is Peter Koch's account of "Life at Muscleshell in 1869 and 1870," and another is Judge Hilger's diary of the Sully expedition of 1864.

The publishers of the Bellingham Bay *Reveille* have done a gracious act in bringing out a memorial volume of the poems of the late Frederick H. Adams, who was the editor of that paper for the last eight or ten years of his life. The volume is a modest literary monument to the man who, in more congenial surroundings and free from the drudgery of newspaper work, might have made for himself a name in the great world of letters. Fred Adams had genius, but it never had much chance for development. When a young man he floated into Dakota on the great tide of immigration and established a little weekly paper in a struggling prairie town, where the material side of life had to be kept in view all the time. Later he removed to New Whatcom, Wash., where he witnessed and aided the rapid growth of an ambitious young seaport town. His paper became a daily and he prospered fairly well, but in his inner nature he was never much in harmony with his environment. If love ever came into his life it never led to marriage and home, and his was a lonely and moody life. Last fall he shot himself in St. Paul in front of the hotel where he had been lodging. His poem "Where Shall You Die," and the one entitled "A Cedar Two Thousand Years Old," deserve a permanent place in anthologies of English poetry.

Senator John H. Mitchell, of Oregon, contributes to the June number of the *Forum* a strong article advocating the "Election of Senators by Popular Vote." He thinks that the political and moral supremacy of the people can be rightfully expressed and maintained only when they exercise this right directly and not vicariously. He believes that the election of the United States senators by popular vote will afford an efficient remedy for the many evils resulting from the present system of senatorial elections—such as length of time consumed and frequent failure to choose, and the consequent distraction of the legislative mind from its proper business; discourage the use of improper means to influence the control of senatorial elections; greatly diminish the temptation to gerrymander; enlarge the political rights of the individual voter relating to suffrage; eliminate from elections involving the selection of members of the Legislature one great cause for irritation and unseemly contention wherein, as a rule, the question upon which everything is made to turn is as to how this or that man will vote for senator, rather than upon the question as to his fitness for the office of legislator; and effectively tend to the destruction of "boss rule."

The return to Minnesota of Mr. Charles Hallock, the sportsman-author, brings back a man who has thrice happily courted fate in the North Star State within forty years. This time Mr. Hallock returns to the scene of his pioneer explorations in 1858 to assume, with Mark Biff, the editorship of the *Western Field and Stream*, published in the Twin Cities. In 1858 this noted writer upon the game resources of North America traversed the old Red River trail in quest of adventure, and the results of his extensive researches in those early days still serve as a guide-book to the pioneer life of that period. In the spring of 1880 he revisited his old stamping-ground in Kittson County, near

the great Roseau game region, to found a city for the development of that section of the State and the proper care of the great army of sportsmen who had learned to know Charles Hallock as the best and keenest exponent of wild life in the country. So he built the town of Hallock, erected a large hotel as a rendezvous for sportsmen, and brought to a successful issue the cultivation of the sunflower for its oil product, the results going to the Agricultural Department at Washington. But the rambling nomad soon sought new scenes, and ere long he was again roving through strange regions in order to gratify his love of nature and its untamed features. And now in the year 1896, thirty-eight years since his first incursion to this State, Mr. Hallock returns to found and help establish a journal in the very heart of the game and scenic region of the country. May his mission prosper.

#### RECOMPENSE.

Walking along at nightfall, just as the summer wanes,  
With autumn's glory lying in fields of golden grains,  
A sweet contentment stealing upon each wakened sense,  
Mollie and Jack are talking of autumn's recompense.

The voices of the evening are chanting tuneless lays,  
The crickets chirp their vespers along the seedy ways,  
A cow-bell tinkles softly down by the pasture bars,  
And Mollie and Jack are reading the language of the stars.

The small brook gurgles onward beside the country road,  
A lone owl hoots his vigils from mountain-side abode,  
And from a distant kennel a dog bays, low and long;—  
Mollie and Jack are humming the air of an old love song.

Freighted the air with perfume sweet from flower-embellished sod,  
Breath of the field and forest, kissed by the golden-rod;  
Nature's divine contentment stealing upon each sense,  
And Mollie and Jack, in whispered vows, find autumn's recompense!

FLORENCE JOSEPHINE BOYCE.

Waitsfield, Vt.

#### THE WHALE CHASE.

Where the aurora borealis, evanescent in the sky,  
Sheds a vivid rainbow radiance on high,  
Comes the wierd and startling roar,—  
"Thar she blows, blows, blows!"

And the "gammers" talk of mysteries far ahead,—  
Of the North Pole mutely watching o'er the dead—  
Who froze where'er they lay  
"At break o' day,—at break o' day;"

Till from the rig aloft, o'er the eager "gamming" crew,  
Spinning yarns of vast cetaceans which they slew,  
Roll the magic words aloud,—  
"On lee bow, bow, bow!"

Now shriek the davit blocks, and stout boats get under way—  
In the chase there is but fleeting time to save;  
So with sweeping stroke of oars,  
Off they go, off they go—

With a cheer in the line of the phosphorescent wake,  
And the gentle undulation of the quiet, rolling waves;  
For it seems like a tie  
As they fly, fly, fly!

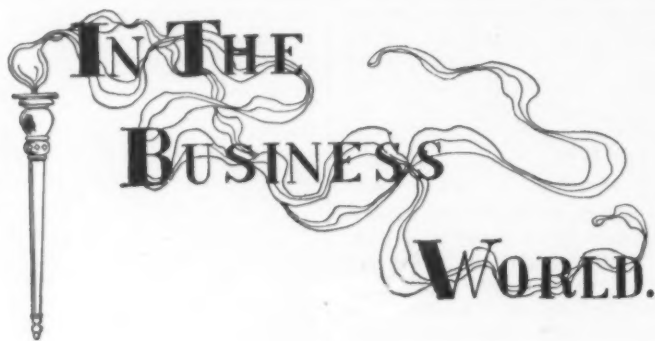
In the spirit of the code, which impels them in the race,  
He who first imbeds his lance, is the hero of the chase;  
Ere the winners shout aloud,  
"Now she sounds! Now she sounds!"

But wild mammoth of the sea, shooting upward from great depths,  
Charges surgingly at victims prematurely crossed by death;—  
Stumbling aft at cry to fall—  
"Stern, all!—all!—all!"

Not too late, for 'twas useless otherwise than this to do;  
So said the maids of Bedford, who mourned at the news  
Of a boat cut in two,  
Thro' and thro'; thro' and thro'!

JAMES PETER MACINTYRE.

Fairhaven, Wash.



#### Oldest Commercial Corporation in the World.

In speaking of the Hudson's Bay Company, the last of the great English commercial corporations, chartered by Charles II. May 2, 1670, probably the oldest commercial institution in the world and which enjoyed a monopoly of the trade among the Indians of the Canadian Northwest for a period of 200 years, the *Spokesman-Review* of Spokane, Wash., says that the company is still a potent factor in the commercial circles of Canada. The old-time conservatism of the company is illustrated by an incident which happened some twenty years ago when it opened a store in Calgary in opposition to parties from Fort Benton, Montana, who were trading with the Canadian Indians and carrying off the cream of the business. When asked why his company could not compete successfully with the Americans, whose stock in trade had to be carried to the Indian country at great expense, the distance being nearly 350 miles and a heavy duty being charged against them as well, the English factor replied:

"The reason is simple enough; the company is not progressive. Its policy is dictated from London, and the directors can not or will not be brought to understand the changed conditions. Our invoices now embrace the same articles which were used 100 years ago. There is absolutely no difference in the class of goods brought over for trade, while the American traders bring novelties, gorgeous dress-patterns, beads, variegated blankets, and other articles of Indian adornment which the company never furnished. It is no small wonder that their progressive and aggressive methods make them formidable rivals of our older company. In these times our only real hold upon the Indians is to keep them in debt to us. The company, for some reason which can not be explained, loses very little by bad debts."

Since that time, however, the policy of the company has changed completely. The stores are now filled with assorted stuffs, and the old factors are being pensioned off to make way for more progressive men. Nevertheless, the time is not far distant when the company's record as Indian fur traders will necessarily be a thing of the past, since valuable fur-bearing animals grow fewer and fewer in number with each recurring year. The stores, which are found in almost every town and hamlet in Canada, may continue to exist for years to come, but the company's great fur trade must come to an end.

#### The Bonus Question.

There is no disguising the fact that the 'bonus' scheme for attracting mills, factories, workshops, etc., has proven anything but successful wherever attempted. In opposing the plan the *Mandan* (N. D.) *Times* declares that it is too often the case "that some man, who has had no practical experience as a manufacturer, will be attracted by the bonus offered and will go just far enough to get hold of the money or the property and then, for various shabby reasons, vanish from the scene altogether." A favorite

method of some factory schemers is to induce the enterprising citizens of a place to take stock in their venture, their ultimate purpose being to freeze them out and thus acquire sole ownership of any property that may be successfully developed and be worth holding. A much better and safer proposition, it would appear, is for the citizens of a town to tender any cash assistance they may wish to offer in the form of a loan without interest, the money to be secured by the property interests involved and to be expended for actual building and equipment only, a board of citizens to hold the funds in trust and to supervise all operations until the proposed plant shall be completed and ready for work. Then the enterprise may be turned over to the projector, the property itself affording the citizens a reasonable protection against fraud. While it is true that there are good men of practical experience and fair executive ability who, aided by capital, would do effective work in establishing needed industries, the regular bonus-hunters and spoilsmen are so numerous, and oftentimes so unscrupulous, as to justify communities in exacting a positive guaranty of good faith before paying over the money in aid of private enterprises. As a rule, bonus-fostered industries of a purely local status are unstable from the start and usually end in failure. Given plenty of raw material and a commercial field that is not already occupied, independent capital will not be slow, in prosperous times at least, to avail itself of opportunities to make investments on a strict business basis. Mills and factories in which capital and practical knowledge are both invested by the projectors, are greatly to be preferred to bonus-built enterprises and stand a much better chance of becoming firmly established.

#### The Extinction of Fur-Bearing Animals.

The rapacity of the fur-loving world is fast exterminating all the most valuable fur-bearing animals of the North American continent. Sea-otters, which once abounded on the Pacific Coast, are now so scarce that a capture of one is regarded as an event worthy of special announcement. A few are still found off the California Coast, but Alaskan waters are the chief sources of supply, and they are scoured by vessels whose crews search as eagerly for the floating otter as ever privateers searched for helpless merchantman. There is but one way to capture this animal, and this is by shooting it while it is afloat. The deeper and colder the waters they frequent, the better and finer will be the quality of the fur. Sea-otter skins are marketed chiefly in Russia, where the fur is in great demand. A first-class skin in the raw is worth \$500 to the hunter. Good California pelts are worth \$250 each to the hunters, the inferior ones bringing all the way from \$20 to \$100. The present catch of the entire Pacific Coast does not exceed 6,000 skins per annum, which means the payment of at least \$500,000 to the men who capture them.

Another valuable fur-bearing animal which

is fast nearing extinction, is the fox. It is the next in value to the sea-otter, the pelts ranging in value from \$2.50 to \$100 in the raw. The varieties most sought for are the silver, cross, red, blue, gray, and white. The fur of a black-coated fox, now very rare, runs as high as \$150. Next to the black in value are the silver and the blue, a perfect silver pelt commanding \$90 to \$100 in the raw, and a blue pelt about \$22. With the extinction of the seal, the otter and the fox, the more valuable fur-bearing animals of this continent will be limited to the bear, the wolf, the mountain-lion, the mink, etc., and these, also, are growing scarcer and scarcer every year. It would seem to be only a question of time when the cat and other domestic animals will have to be resorted to in lieu of the fur-bearing animals which are now following so rapidly the fate of the lamented buffalo.

#### A Popular Oriental Resort.

Quong, Gin, Lung & Company, St. Paul's wholesale and retail dealers in every description of Oriental goods, carry an assortment of beautiful fabrics and interesting curios which render their establishment at 390 Wabasha Street one of the most popular mercantile resorts in the city. Elsewhere in this issue the firm advertises its extensive line of Chinese fireworks—a line, by the way, which merits very general inspection. But, while looking at fireworks, visitors should not fail to examine Quong, Gin, Lung & Company's comprehensive exhibits of imported silks and fancy wares. There are embro silks, crepe shawls, fine handkerchiefs, lovely coverlets, table and piano covers, decorative panels, fine porcelains, exquisite ivory carvings and Clossone vases. Genuine Sustmer and bronze wares greet the eye, and all manner of ebony goods and beautiful fans, parasols and lanterns. Lacquer and bamboo wares are shown, and fire-screens, toys and Chinese curiosities. There are elegant silk wrappers for ladies—and shirt waists, with a full line of underwear—all of the finest material and very cheap. This company is one of the largest importers of Oriental goods in the United States, and the public may rely upon its representations.

#### Montana Flour.

When the railroads reached Montana the flour previously made at the small country mills was largely crowded out of the markets by the high-grade flour from Minneapolis. The Montana millers did not give up the struggle, however. They bought new machinery and adopted the improved processes. Their theory was that a State that raised wheat enough to feed its people should not buy its flour from mills hundreds of miles distant. Their perseverance and enterprise is now finding a reward. Several Montana mills are now turning out flour that is strictly first-class. We recently received from the Yellowstone Mill, at Billings, a sack of flour made from wheat grown in the Yellowstone Valley, which makes just as good bread and biscuits as any Minneapolis flour. The brand is "Billings Best," and we commend it to our Montana readers as a home produce that deserves their patronage.

#### A Great Jobbing Center.

The Minneapolis and St. Louis Railway Company is doing everything in its power to bring Iowa trade to St. Paul and Minneapolis. The excursion service rendered by the road last year is being resumed this year, two trainloads of Iowa merchants having been brought to the Twin Cities last month. They were entertained by commercial clubs and business men generally, and given every opportunity to inform themselves respecting the merits of Minneapolis and St. Paul as wholesale markets.



## Storm-Coats and Collars in the Northwest.

Seated in one of St. Paul's hotels, the other day, were two old frontiersmen who were discussing the gradual passing of fur-bearing animals from Northwestern territory. Always an interesting topic, it possessed deeper interest than usual on this occasion, from the fact that it was being talked upon by men who had long made hunting and trapping a chief means of livelihood. One of them spoke regretfully, as if life were beginning to assume a dreaded seriousness.

"I tell you, Dick," he remarked, "'tain't as it used to be in the days when we could go out here anywhere and trap enough game to keep our whistle wet 'thout any trouble at all. I've about give it up; it don't pay anymore."

"Pshaw!" the friend replied, "you're way off. Why, there's lots of good sport yet, and you don't have to go so fur for it either. The trouble with us is, we're getting old—too old to bum around the way we used to."

"That's all right, but—"

"Never you mind the buts, John. Just put on your hat and take a walk with me down here to Myers & Scholle. It won't take long to convince you that there are a few animals left in this country yet."

And, so saying, the two old cronies left the hotel and went to the northwest corner of Fifth and Robert streets, where the busy fur house and factory of Myers & Scholle are located. It is hardly necessary to follow them,



MYERS & SCHOLLE, JOBBERS AND MANUFACTURERS OF FUR GOODS, CORNER FIFTH AND ROBERT, ST. PAUL.

this new corporation will succeed to a large share of Northwestern patronage. Indeed, a visit to the factory will show that the company is receiving perhaps more than its share of orders now. The factory furnishes steady employment to nearly one hundred men and women. It is one of the busiest scenes in the city. The third floor of the large building is divided into several departments. In one of these are the skilled cutters who prepare the furs for the nimble-fingered operatives in the well-lighted and well-ventilated machine-room. There is another department where the buttons and all manner of trimmings are kept. While every soul in sight seems to be rushing along at a sort of break-neck speed, yet there is no confusion; everything is orderly—reduced to perfect system.

The salesroom is on the second floor. This is the department that

must have caught the eyes of the old trappers, for it is here that one sees great piles of furs—

great rows of piles—enough furs, one would think, to turn arctic weather into summertime for every adult male in Minnesota. Sprinkled with preservatives and arranged in uniform sizes and varieties, they lie there awaiting inspection by would-be purchasers or manufacture into heavy coats, rugs, robes, blankets, etc.

It is a wholesale business exclusively, and nearly all the goods are made to order, the major portion of them being for future delivery. The finest fur garments are made on special orders only, the company finding its leading specialty in the manufacture of popular-priced storm-coats and goods that are in universal demand. These goods are made of furs from all quarters of the globe. North America yields a fair percentage, but many bales of fine furs are received from China, such importations comprising, among other skins, a magnificent variety of superb dog pelts.

It is not surprising that the coats manufactured by Myers & Scholle suit consumers as well as retailers, since the greatest possible care is taken in their construction. Every garment is hand-finished. No part of the work is slighted. The best and most adaptable furs are used—and, lastly, every coat has that exclusive Sampson Patent Collar. This collar is so deep that, when turned up, it covers the throat, chin, nose and face completely; yet, when turned down, it lies as smoothly and gracefully as the narrower but less serviceable collar. The company has scores of testimonials from Northwestern deal-



MYERS & SCHOLLE'S FUR FACTORY—SECTIONAL VIEW OF CUTTING AND OPERATING ROOMS.

but it would not be fair to leave the reader in ignorance of the discoveries that were made there.

Myers & Scholle is the name of an incorporated company, the business existence of which dates from April 1, 1896. W. F. Myers is president, C. H. F. Smith vice-president, Gustave Scholle secretary and treasurer and F. L. Sampson manager. Mr. Myers was for many years a banker in Southern Minnesota, and, afterwards, general manager of the Northwestern Cordage Company. Mr. Scholle is well-known as the former manager of the Northwestern Wheel and Foundry Company, of St. Paul. Manager Sampson has been in business in this city the past sixteen years, is one of the most experienced manufacturers of fur goods in the country, and is the inventor and designer of the famous and exceedingly popular "Sampson Patent Storm Collar," which is controlled by Myers & Scholle exclusively. With ample resources, enterprising management and perfect knowledge of the fur business, there is every reason for believing that



MYERS & SCHOLLE'S FUR FACTORY—SECTIONAL VIEW OF MAIN OPERATING ROOM.

ers that, without exception, commend this collar as superior to all others. In truth, many dealers declare that their customers will have no other kind of coat. Men seek warmth and comfort in fur garments, and this is just what they find in the coats made by Myers and Scholle. In Minnesota, Iowa, North and South Dakota, Wisconsin, Montana, and in all the territory covered by this St. Paul house, there is a growing disposition on the part of merchants and their patrons to handle and to wear fur coats that are storm and wind and cold-proof about the head as well as about the body. The company will send its circulars and catalogue to any dealer upon application; and, as there is little time to lose, it would not be a bad plan for merchants to order next winter's fur goods as soon as possible and thus avoid delay in delivery. Such a course would be advantageous all around. The average customer wishes to don his heavy coat with the first cold blast, and all up-to-date dealers wish to be prepared for him.



MYERS & SCHOLLE—SECTIONAL VIEW OF MAIN SALESROOM.

### Fireworks at the Head of the Lakes.

One month more and the annual Fourth of July will dawn upon us. Independence Day comes to all alike. It revives patriotic emotions in the breasts of the aged as well as in the breasts of the young. "The Spirit of '76" will not down. During the interval between times it may slumber, but let Fourth of July roll around and it awakens with ever renewed energy and with every token of revived enthusiasm. Unless all signs shall fail, there will be regular old-time celebrations throughout the whole Northwest this year. There will be the boom of crackers and the hiss and flare of rockets from Duluth to the Cascades; and, by the way, it looks now as if Duluth will be chiefly responsible for the racket. The latest advice from that city is to the effect that the Marshall-Wells Hardware Company is prepared to supply every dealer in the country with fireworks, and it is well-known that this big, enterprising house never buys goods to keep. They will be sold—sold cheap to dealers and by dealers to young and to old America, and on Fourth of July they will help to make the day noisy and the night glorious. This immense stock comprises Roman candles, sky-rockets, whistling rockets, boom rockets, aerolites, the "Devil among the Tailors," star and serpent mines, whistling jacks, vertical wheels, colored rosettes, triangles, all kinds and sizes of firecrackers, electric spangles, pin-wheels, balloons, paper caps, torpedoes, pistols, punk, golden fountains, snakes-in-the-grass, jeweled jets, torches for parades, colored fire, up-to-date cannon crackers, etc., etc. There is a magnificent assortment, prices rule low, and it is a good time to send in orders.

Another great specialty of the Marshall-Wells Hardware Company, aside from the large lines of general hardware, consists of bicycles and bicycle supplies. The company's display of these goods at the recent Bicycle Exposition at Minneapolis was a noted one and attracted wide attention. As factors for and distributors of the Eldridge, Belvidere, Regal, Champion, Volunteer and Lochinvar bicycles, the company controls their sale in Minnesota, Michigan, Wisconsin, the Dakotas, Montana, Idaho, Washington, Oregon, and in Western Canada. It also controls a number of leading specialties in bicycle sundries, such as common-sense and automatic saddles. Jobbers of hardware, general sporting-goods, etc., the house is known far and near as one of the largest, strongest and most enterprising in the Northwest. Its catalogue will be sent to the trade on application.

### About Fish, Coffee, Spices and Extracts.

Were St. Paul besieged, the citizens would probably find ample provisional resources in the great wholesale grocery houses of the city. A visit to the truly immense establishment of Griggs, Cooper & Company at 242 to 252 East Third Street—a building that contains 125,000 square feet of floorage, impresses one with the belief that the company would have little or no difficulty in provisioning the whole Northwest. Aside from the complete lines of staple and general groceries carried in stock are the large departments given over to fish, coffee, spices, flavoring extracts, etc. It is not generally known, outside of the trade, that this house has one of the largest and best equipped coffee, spice and extract plants in the country. But it has. The coffee department is modern in every respect—from stoners to roasters, polishers, and all other appliances now used in preparing the different grades of coffee for market. In the spice and extract factories are experienced chemists and every facility for the manufacture of such goods on a large scale—goods which, by the way, have a reputation that

extends from St. Paul to the Cascade Mountains. It requires lots of money and great enterprise to conduct such a business, but Minnesota's capital city has them both.

### St. Paul's Professional Interests.

The business interests of St. Paul do not lie altogether in mercantile and manufacturing lines. It is easily seen that the professions are also well represented. The St. Paul Medical and Surgical Institute, for instance, not only enjoys an excellent local reputation, but draws patronage from many outlying States as well. Dr. G. E. Routh, the manager, has lived in this city a long time, and is an honored citizen. His management is characterized by fairness and enterprise, and to his high ability is due, in no small degree, the notable success of the institute.

A prominent member of the faculty is Dr. J. W. Thompson, who pays exclusive attention to the eye and ear practice of the institute. He, also, is an old resident of St. Paul. Dr. Thompson's wonderful skill in the specialties named is due largely to his study of eye and ear diseases under the instruction of the most eminent oculists and aurists of Europe, where he spent a number of years.

The St. Paul Medical and Surgical Institute has a large faculty and is prepared to treat all chronic diseases—making a great specialty, however, of eye and ear complaints. Its references include many of the most prominent men in this city. An advertisement of the institute will be found elsewhere.

### Well-Stocked Wine-Vaults.

No one can look upon the picture of the Good Samaritan offering strengthening cordial to the exhausted wayfarer, without silent acknowledgement of the benefits to be derived from all manner of judiciously used stimulants. A look at the wine-vaults and store-rooms of Geo. Benz & Sons, 181-85 East Fourth Street, St. Paul, confirms the impression that a well-stocked side-board is one of the modern necessities. Messrs. Benz & Sons are jobbers and importers of every description of wines, liquors, cordials, etc., and from their superb stock may be selected the choicest of brands at moderate prices. The firm has been in business here thirty-one years. Its reputation is established on a solid foundation. The house is known throughout the State, and it is honored for its reliability.

Next fall the firm will remove to its new building—now in process of construction—at the corner of Sixth and Minnesota streets. It will be four stories and basement in height, and, designed especially for this business, will undoubtedly be one of the finest and most conveniently arranged wholesale liquor houses in the West.

### Washington's Fish Industry.

The magnitude of Washington's fish industry is presented as follows by the *Seattle Trade Register*:

For the six months from September 1, 1895, to March 1, 1896, there were shipped in car-load lots over the Northern Pacific 3,482,430 pounds of fish, and over the Great Northern 144,000 pounds, a total of 3,616,430 pounds. The two express companies also shipped about 1,000,000 pounds of fresh fish, making a grand total of 4,500,000 pounds. The shipments of pickled fish amounted to 372,920 pounds, part of which came from British Columbia. Of canned salmon there were shipped over the Northern Pacific, including shipments from Fraser River points, 4,835,418 pounds, and 725,000 pounds over the Great Northern. To this must be added the cargo shipments, amounting to about 2,525,250 pounds, making a total of 8,085,668

pounds of canned salmon, and a grand total of 13,058,588 pounds of fish. This does not include the Columbia River pack, which is shipped from Oregon points and half of which, at least, should be credited to the State of Washington.

### Enterprise in North Dakota.

The *Wimbledon* (N. D.) *News* observes that North Dakota "is gradually drawing within her boundaries those industries which its people have long supported in the East. For years cattle and hogs have been raised here and shipped East only to be brought back again at higher prices. We have now in this State two first-class packing-house establishments, one at Fargo and the other at Grand Forks, and a home market has been established. The establishment of a woolen-mill at Grand Forks and its successful operation, will perhaps cause like industries to be promoted in other parts of the State. Certainly it is one that will pay, as the Grand Forks mill has at times been unable to fill its orders. Thousands of pounds of wool are produced in the State annually, Stutsman County alone producing 70,000 pounds. There are many manufacturing concerns that might be located and operated with profit here. Fuel can be obtained very cheaply and wages are not excessively high. There is no reason why we should continue to pay tribute to Eastern concerns while possessing advantages of our own."

### One of Minnesota's Dairy Counties.

The figures given below are on eleven of the twenty-two creameries in Freeborn County in Southern Minnesota for the past twelve months. The milk is given in pounds:

	Milk.	Cash.
Geneva village.....	3,873,312	\$63,174
Albert Lea .....	4,084,428	44,900
Clark's Grove .....	6,267,900	53,291
Bancroft.....	4,066,062	32,854
Twin Lakes.....	2,575,125	22,347
Hayward .....	2,141,738	16,533
Manchester .....	4,006,434	35,119
Moscow.....	2,141,123	17,037
Riceland .....	4,968,858	41,778
Poplar Grove.....	2,575,296	17,468
Glenville.....	7,964,024	65,244
Total .....	45,484,291	\$379,719

A large portion of this money has been paid to the farmers of the vicinity. The other creameries in the county would bring the cash received from this industry up to \$750,000.

### What Follows Good Management.

The Ellensburg (Wash.) *Localizer* tells of a farmer in Whitman County, that State, who relates the following as his personal experience: "I landed in Colfax in 1888 with \$2.50 and sick. Bought prairie land at \$25 an acre, on time. Now own 360 acres. Have sixty-acre orchard. \$3,000 worth of buildings, \$2,000 worth of stock and tools, and pay taxes on a valuation of \$10,000. Am in debt only \$1,000." This is a good record, but it isn't every man that can make it. To accomplish as much as this man has in a period of eight years, a man must keep his business moving and know how to manage.

### British Columbia Hops.

A British Columbia hop-grower has received a letter from a famous English brewer from which the following is an extract: "You have proved you can grow hops of excellent flavor. Those we have bought of you this season are not much to look at—rather badly packed, being loose, but they give an excellent flavor in the beer, being well suited for putting into casks—or, as we call it, 'hopping down.' I consider that our hop-gardens are worn out and cannot produce the old-fashioned flavor—which you can obtain from your maiden soil."



### Revolutions in Social and Business Spheres.

Enter any really progressive business establishment nowadays and it will be observed that the cards and stationery thereof are as neat and attractive as the art of the engraver or lithographer can make them. It is one of the devices of this money-making age for extending trade. If it were not profitable, fine stationery would not be used. The fact that it is in almost universal use shows that it is really cheaper, from a business point of view, than the ordinary and less expensive printed supplies. There is something about engraved stationery that bespeaks, or at least suggests, prosperity, and it is with prosperous firms and individuals that one likes to deal. In these days there are few who will deny that there is much in appearances. To look well-to-do is to invite patronage. There is no doubt of it.

It is this bit of philosophy that underlies the success of The Keith Engraving Company of this city, whose place of business is in rooms 317-18-19 in the Washburn building, corner Fifth and Wabasha streets. A year ago last March, when this business was started, one press did all the work that came to the office; today there are five presses, and they are kept running all the time. W. R. Keith, the proprietor, and E. B. Webster, superintendent of the mechanical department, are both experienced in every branch of the business. More than this, they are critical. They know what constitutes good work, and no other kind of work is permitted to leave their workshop. The plant is equipped with every facility for executing high-class engraving.

While Mr. Keith pays great attention to all manner of commercial supplies, from fine stationery to artistic cards, dies, designs, circulars, etc., it is also true that he does a vast amount of special work for universities, colleges, orders, societies, and a great deal of class and club work. Some of the most elegant programmes, wedding invitations, announcements at home, calling cards, crests and monograms, society stationery and address and business dies seen either in St. Paul or Minneapolis, were engraved by the Keith Engraving Company. Many of these orders come from outside the city—from towns throughout Minnesota, the Dakotas, and even from Montana and more distant States. Great pains is taken with all work, and orders from abroad are filled promptly and at reasonable prices. It would be a good plan for colleges, orders and societies, and for bankers, professional and business men, to send to The Keith Engraving Company for estimates and designs prior to placing orders. They will be furnished on application.

When ordering work of this nature it is well to remember that there is as great a difference in engraved stationery as there is in oil paintings or water-colors. Many people lose sight of this fact; they seem to think that one artist is, or at least ought to be, as good as another, and



OFFICE OF THE KEITH ENGRAVING CO.

they are apt to place their orders indiscriminately. The truth is, there are comparatively few first-class engravers, just as there are few—very few really good artists in oil. But no mistake will be made in placing orders with the Keith Engraving Company. Its wonderful rise in public estimation is due almost wholly to its very superior line of work. Among its patrons are many of the largest and most prominent business institutions in Minnesota—concerns that require the finest work that money can buy or that skill can produce. The society work done by this company is highly artistic. There is a tone—a finish about it which commands attention at once and which never fails to win both confidence and orders. It is knowledge of these facts which prompts this cordial endorsement of a firm that will know how to appreciate and to take care of every dollar's worth of new business that is brought to it.

### Standard Fur Goods.

Admittedly the great fur market of the country, St. Paul is also the home of one of the largest jobbing and manufacturing fur houses in the United States. Messrs. Gordon & Ferguson, whose immense business is located at 216-226 East Fourth Street, are wholesalers and



VIEWS OF MECHANICAL DEPARTMENT OF THE KEITH ENGRAVING CO., ST. PAUL.

manufacturers exclusively, and the furs made by them are classed as standard everywhere. The business was established twenty-five years ago, and it has grown to its present magnitude simply because the firm's policy has always been to make the best. Every fur garment made by Gordon & Ferguson is guaranteed—and the guarantee is on every garment, a contract between the makers and the consumer. A visit to the great warerooms of this concern, where furs for next season are already being shown, never fails to bring forth expressions of surprise. There are furs enough to suggest the thought that this big house has a "corner" on such goods—furs of all kinds and from every fur-producing quarter of the globe. Advance orders are coming in so thickly that the firm will have to work night and day, beginning Aug. 1, in order to meet the demands.

### Real Estate in Central Minnesota.

Among notable Minnesota business enterprises, especially in real estate lines, is what is known as "Murray's Land Office" at Wadena. Mr. A. Murray, the proprietor, is the local agent for Northern Pacific Railroad lands, and also an extensive holder of valuable private lands, both wild and improved. Of the many new settlers that have found homes in Central Minnesota through Mr. Murray's good offices, not one has regretted it. He still has several thousand acres of railroad land of excellent quality at \$2.50 to \$5 per acre. On the five year plan, one-sixth of the purchase price of railroad land is required to be paid in cash, and the balance is

divided into five equal yearly payments with six per cent interest, there being no conditions as to residence or cultivation. On the ten year plan, not less than one-tenth of the purchase price of railroad land is required to be paid in cash. The balance is divided into ten equal yearly payments with six per cent interest. On this plan the purchaser must settle on the land within a year and break up for cultivation one-tenth of the land each year thereafter for three years.

Wild private lands are sold for \$3 to \$7 per acre and improved farms at \$5 to \$15, according to location, etc. It will pay intending purchasers to correspond with Mr. Murray.

### Miscellaneous Notes.

Prospects for a heavy lake traffic this season are very bright. Vessel tonnage for 10,000,000 bushels of wheat had been chartered at Duluth for May shipment as early as April 25, the largest figures on record for any port in the history of the grain trade.

Jobbing business on the Coast seems to be opening with unusual vim this spring. Tacoma, Seattle and Spokane are each reaping profitable harvests from liberal orders—a sure indication that money matters are easier and that Coast communities and industries are fast recovering from the long depression.

It is understood that Montana hotel proprietors are decidedly partial to a brand of baking powder called "The Peerless"—not only because it is made in Montana, and by union labor, but for the further reason that it is first-class in every respect. Hotel and boarding-house folks seem bound to keep Montana money at home.

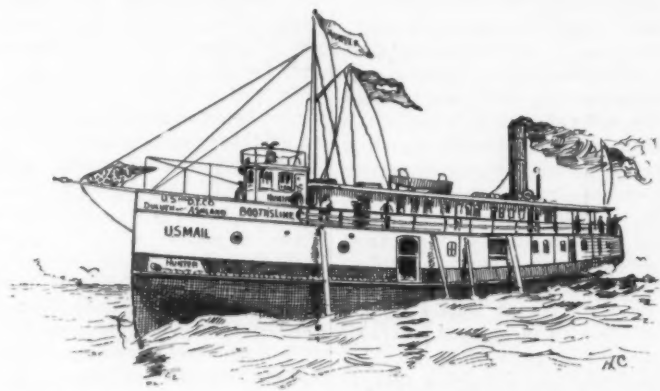
The Seattle *Trade Register*, one of the ablest publications on the Pacific Coast, registers a vigorous kick against the disposition of the post-office department to consolidate all such names as Little Falls, Sauk Rapids, etc. "Why not be consistent with the absurdity," says the *Register*, "and spell it San Francisco, New York, St. Louis, and Kansas City. Yes, apply it to States, also, writing North Carolina, etc. The post-offices are to serve the cities and towns, and not the reverse, and the department should govern itself accordingly. It confuses business and is the height of nonsense." Our contemporary occupies solid ground. While there might be good sense in cutting off the useless part of some elongated name, there can be no good reason for joining two parts in one. It does not shorten the purely clerical performance of writing the name, nor does it add one whit to its beauty or euphony.

Among the prominent St. Paul dealers in hides, furs, sheep-pelts, tallow, ginseng, seneca root, etc., are Messrs. D. Bergman & Company of 186-188 East Third Street. The business dates back to 1867, and is numbered among the most prosperous in the city. An acquaintance covering a period of twenty-nine years makes the name of the company familiar to dealers in hides, pelts and furs throughout a wide section of country. Trappers and hunters know the house, too, and are wont to place confidence in its dealings. The large six-story building occupied speaks well for the enterprise of the company and the magnitude of its transactions. It is understood that the volume of business done compares favorably with that of the largest houses of the kind in the Northwest. Certain it is that Messrs. Bergman & Company do their full share of traffic in the articles named, and that they can point to a constantly increasing patronage as proof of their popularity. Send to them for late circulars.

## SUMMER OUTINGS ON LAKE SUPERIOR.

One of these summer days, when the air is still, the heat stifling and the body ready to collapse like a leaky balloon, the pleasure-seeking mortals of the Northwest will turn with appreciative longing to the stream-fed shores and breeze-swept bosom of old Lake Superior—that inland sea whose capricious moods invite to all the calm and all the storm that waits the sailor anywhere. A trip from Duluth along the rugged and picturesque shore-lines which lie between that city and Port Arthur in Ontario, Canada, would brace one's system like a breath of snow-cooled air on the arid plains of Utah. This is called the "North Shore Route," and those who wish to make the voyage should go to Duluth and take passage in the U. S. and Dominion Transportation Company's mail steamer "Hiram R. Dixon," whose captain is popular Jacob Hector, an old sea-dog of many experiences. The "Dixon" has comfortable staterooms and its service and character are especially adapted to the needs of parties that may wish to stop at various shore points to angle for the sportive trout or to seek, amid grand scenery and delightful retreats, rest for tired brain and weary body. Good trout fishing is found at Knife River, twenty miles from Duluth; at Split Rock game and fish are said to be spoiling for rod and gun; at Beaver Bay and at Baptism, Manito and Cross rivers are peaceful nooks, good camping grounds, and fish galore. Grand Marais, 106 miles from Duluth, is reached by the boat in time for supper. At Port Arthur, which is as far as the "Dixon" runs, is a town of 3,000 inhabitants, good hotels, innumerable Indian legends, inspiring scenery and other features that go to make it a decidedly favorite resort for Northwestern tourists. It is also the easiest and most direct transfer point to the gold-fields in the Rainy Lake District; passengers take the Canadian Pacific line to Rat Portage and there go by steamer on the Lake of the Woods, first-class fare from Duluth to Rainy Lake costing \$19. From here, too, one can take the Canadian Pacific Railway to The Nipigon, a famous stream that is thirty miles long and connects the waters of Lake Nipigon—seventy miles in length by about fifty in width—with those of Lake Superior. Here are trout indeed!—great fellows that tip the scales at two—three—four—five—and even eight, pounds each! Oh, it's a grand trip that one can take on steamer "Hiram R. Dixon!"—grand for the landscapes, the pebbly beach and rocky cliffs, the peaceful bays, quiet inlets and pretty islands.

Another almost equally interesting Lake Superior trip is via the mail steamer "Hunter," of the same line, from Duluth to Ashland, Wisconsin. It is a much shorter trip, of course, but it lacks neither interest nor variety. In reality, this "South Shore Route" affords one



U. S. &amp; DOMINION TRANSPORTATION CO.'S MAIL STEAMER "HUNTER."

of the most picturesque voyages on the lake. The steamer touches at all the important points, lumber-camps and fishing-grounds, and from her decks may be seen the famous Apostles Islands—a group of twenty-seven lovely oases just off the mainland near Bayfield, the most northern extremity of Wisconsin. There is excellent trout-fishing in the Amnicon and Brule rivers—only six miles apart, and at Orienta one will find a favorite resort for excursionists from Duluth and Superior. Then comes Port Wing, and following this prosperous village is Cranberry, the headquarters of large lumber interests and another good trout point. It is in the run from Cranberry to Bayfield that the Apostles Islands are seen to best advantage, and the somewhat noted La Point Indian Reservation, also. Verdant growths of nearly all kinds charm the eye. The effect produced by the moving boat is panoramic. It is a living picture—with many unseen historical incidents in its background.

Bayfield's location seems to command a lake breeze the year round. There isn't a cooler summer resort in the Northwest. There is abundance of outdoor life for man, woman and child. The warmest days are cool, the water from springs pure and soft, the scenic attractions healthful and full of novel characteristics. A fine hotel—The Island View House—affords the best of accommodations for those who wish to patronize it. It stands on a lofty elevation which commands a view of the Apostles Islands, and its management has been pronounced first-class. From Bayfield one may take the "Hunter" to Washburn, on the west shore of Chequamegon Bay, a point much frequented by picnic and fishing parties, black bass furnishing the principal sport. Ashland is at the head of the largest iron ore docks in the world. It is a great shipping port. All the line boats call here regularly, and it is the terminus of the steamer "Hunter." There are several well-ap-

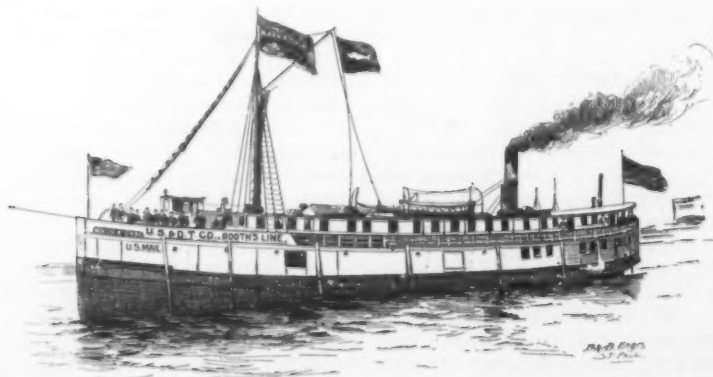
pointed hotels, among them the Chequamegon and the Knight House, at which tourists will find every comfort at moderate rates. Here, also, is one of the many large packing-houses of the celebrated A. Booth Packing Company, the owners of the steamers operated by the U. S. & Dominion Transportation Company, and the most extensive dealers in fresh fish in the world. They have another packing-house at Bayfield, and from the dock may be seen a whole fleet of the company's tugs and sailboats as they unload their catches of Lake Superior whitefish.

One feature of these lake trips that is worthy of consideration is the short time that is required to make them and the comparative inexpensiveness thereof. The fare from Duluth to Port Arthur and return is \$9, and the trip can be made within three days if desired. For people of limited means, as well as for those whose purses are more plethoric, these would seem to constitute ideal outings. There is health in them—health, rest, and recreation. Any further information respecting this steamship line will be furnished on application to C. W. Turner of St. Paul, who is the company's Northwestern manager.

## THE SCRAMBLE FOR RESERVATION LANDS.

The opening of the Red Lake Reservation in Northern Minnesota on May 15, was characteristic of similar events of comparatively recent date in the Western and Southwestern portions of this country. Several thousand men, comprising all degrees of rank, enterprise and intelligence, gathered at Crookston, Fosston, Red Lake Falls and Thief River Falls, the nearest points to the Reservation, and waited more or less patiently for the hour of nine to roll around and free them from the restraints of Government. There was the same old-time helter-skelter scramble across the line by parties who wished to be first on the ground; the same old-time Oklahoma races by saddle and by team across prairie, streams, and flooded lowlands, and the same setting up of claim-boards and incipient attempts at improvement and occupancy.

Perhaps the greatest excitement was in Crookston, where the land office is located and where—with one exception, Duluth—all the filings must be made. It is safe to say that nearly 2,000 people were in line on the morning of the 15th, waiting for the opening of the office. Among these were men from Missouri, Iowa, Kansas, Illinois, and many other States. There were women, too. For days these land-hungry mortals had stood before the Government office, in rain and sunshine and not a few of them through the nights as well, in order to maintain their respective positions in the line. There were rascals who made money by selling fraudulent place-tickets at outrageous premiums; professional land-grabbers whose filings



U. S. AND DOMINION TRANSPORTATION CO.'S MAIL STEAMER "HIRAM R. DIXON."



were made for speculative purposes only, but who, as a rule, were detected easily and refused the right of filing; and there were many on-lookers whose interest consisted wholly in witnessing this furious scramble for Minnesota lands.

The second person to file a claim was Mrs. Jennie Cunningham, of St. Paul. She is an industrious working-woman, a widow, and very persistent. Through the governor's influence she finally secured a railway pass and went to Crookston to take up land for her two boys. "I'll go if I have to walk," she said; so she got the pass, raised enough money to pay for her filings, and now she is one of the happiest women in the State. This is one of many experiences. Hundreds of the applicants were earnest men who will make good, honest settlers. The trains running into Crookston just prior to the opening were crowded with them. Scores of enterprising rustlers occupied the tops of the cars, and, as the trains approached the station, they jumped to the ground and sprinted it for the land office as if for dear life. This was not the only objective point, however. Numerous groups of settlers and colonies of Swedes, Germans and Americans were camped all along the Reservation lines, and from these vantage grounds they skurried across the boundary and located claims at will, believing that priority of improvement would be safer than priority of filing. That there will be an unlimited number of contests goes without saying, but, so far, the settlers have conducted themselves in an orderly manner and, excepting a few minor differences, the opening of the Red Lake Reservation has been creditable to all concerned, and the State of Minnesota has gained hundreds of new citizens and wealth producers.

#### A ROMANTIC RESORT.

There are scores of interesting points along the banks of the Mississippi, but it is doubtful if a more romantic spot is known than that which marks the site of the Fort Snelling Hotel at the west end of Ft. Snelling bridge. It is at this hotel, of which Geo. T. Harris is proprietor, that hosts of tired, thirsty and hungry cyclists stop for rest and ice-cream or for a good, square meal or lunch. West Seventh Street, of this city, runs right to the hotel doors. Just across the bridge is the Army Post. There is fishing along the river bank, wild flowers in the pretty forests, and lovely parks in which picnic parties of any dimensions can almost lose themselves. To tell the truth, there isn't a more charming drive about St. Paul than that which leads to Ft. Snelling; and the trip is just as charming if made by wheel or on one of the swift-going electric cars.

#### RECENT BROAD TYPEWRITER PATENT.

The Remington typewriter people are the owners of a patent, which issued on the 14th instant, of which C. L. Sholes, deceased, of Milwaukee, was the inventor, and applied for it December 31, 1881. This patent covers, broadly, the idea of automatically moving the inking ribbon in two directions, relatively to the printing point, known as the "Compound or Duplex feed," a great feature with all of the recent ribbon machines. It also covers broadly the "tip up platen," whereby the printing is exposed, which is used in many of the new machines. This patent will be a great surprise to many typewriter manufacturers, dealers and users, and it is understood to be the policy of the owners of the patent vigorously to maintain the same, and to commence suits against all infringers. The patent was the subject of much litigation in the patent office, but Mr. Sholes was held to be a pioneer in the features mentioned.—*N. Y. Tribune, April 25, 1896.*

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

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KATIE FARNUM, 234 Acker Street, St. Paul, had bad cross-eyes.

WM. LAWLER, cousin of Hon D. W. Lawler, St. Paul, was totally deaf.

W. B. STEBBINS, foreman Northern Pacific shops, Livingston, Mont., had paralysis of the muscles of the eyeball and lids.

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We guarantee to cure Cataract, Cross-Eyes, Pterygium, Ingrowing Lashes, Granulated Lids, Obstructed Tear Ducts, etc., etc. If you can not call personally, write. We have a staff of expert specialists in diseases of the Eye, Ear, Nose, Throat, Lungs, Heart, Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, Skin, Nerves and Blood, and will treat all diseases at half-rates for a short time.

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### Wisconsin.

There is a gold excitement near Seymour on the Eau Claire River in Wisconsin. Sharpless and Winchell, of Minneapolis, have made assays of specimens from Big Falls, on the same river, which yield \$11.88 gold and twenty-two cents silver per ton. W. Lehman, of St. Paul, so it is reported, assayed one specimen which yielded \$1,262.50 gold and \$1.63 silver per ton, another specimen showing \$90 gold and \$3.40 silver. Professor Appleby, of Minneapolis, an expert mineralogist, has found traces of gold in samples sent to him for examination. Gold was first discovered on this river about ten years ago, but lack of faith and hard times have prevented development work. J. D. Morgan & Co., of St. Paul, have been working quietly in this region, and it is said that they have established the fact that gold ores exist on the Eau Claire in paying quantities.

### Minnesota.

Rush City is building a flour-mill and a brick hotel.

Hinckley has made contracts for a new \$5,700 brick school-building.

Renville has a building fever. It is also shipping a large number of hogs and cattle.

Forty thousand plants were ordered recently for the parks, boulevards and triangles in Minneapolis.

Rochester and Claremont are to have new school-houses which will cost \$5,000 and \$6,000 respectively.

A State bank has been organized at Thief River Falls, and the Citizens' State Bank, capital \$20,000, has been started in Morris.

The new \$25,000 Scoville Library building of Carleton College, at Northfield, was commenced April 20 and will be completed about Sept. 1.

Since January over 400 settlers have located in the town of Friesland, four miles north of Hinckley. A creamery will be built there this summer.

Blooming Prairie will soon have a \$0,000 opera-house, store and office building combined, and parties in Lake Benton are about to put up a \$4,000 opera-house.

The plant of the Winona Willow Company, recently embarrassed, will be reopened by J. J. Murphy and be in better shape than ever to meet public demands.

Preston's \$18,000 water-works and electric light system are being pushed vigorously, and the new telephone line from Preston to Cresco is now assured. The town is being improved rapidly and substantially.

Among the new hotels now being erected in the State is June Bros. at Maple Lake; R. L. Palmer's \$10,000 house at Wheaton; Walker's summer hotel on Lake Como at Hokah and the Chandler & Hoesehen house at Melrose.

Grand Rapids, Itasca County, has won against all rivals and captured the State Sub-Experimental Farm. The farm comprises 455 acres of good land on Prairie River, and is within a mile and a half of the town. Grand Rapids deserves all the plums she can get.

Taylor's Falls will have a new 100-barrel flour-mill. Mankato is after a 200-barrel mill, and Knipple & Co. of Cottonwood have struck a steady flow of water in their artesian well and will now crowd work on their 100-barrel flour-mill and have it in operation by August.

New stone-quarries have been discovered near Fish Lake at the town of Agram and near Little Falls. The property has been leased, and will be operated, by John McCauley and others of St. Cloud. The stone is very high grade. It is also reported that exceptionally fine building stone has been found near Austin, and that a large force of men is now developing the quarry.

The nickel and aluminum deposits in Cook and Lake counties have been purchased. It is said, by the Johnson Nickel Mining Company and the American Nickel Mining Company, the purchase comprising 25,000 acres of what is thought to be one of the most valuable min-

eral properties in the world. The Rainy Lake City Journal says there is also a large body of nickel-bearing ore, only a short distance from that town, that gives a two per cent value of nickel, which is equal to \$24 per ton.

### North Dakota.

A new brick hotel is talked of for Wheatland.

Abercrombie will soon have a 150-barrel flouring-mill.

A colony of 100 Finlanders has entered the Turtle Mountain Country.

Cando—where well-graveled streets prevail—is now looking forward to one of the finest hotels in the State.

Grand Forks has decided to pave her principal business streets. Three miles of cedar blocks will be laid.

Mandan is working hard to secure the new Government military post that is proposed for North Dakota.

A new State bank has been organized at Langdon and another at Lidgerwood—where a bank has long been needed.

Last year Hillsboro built a creamery, a starch factory and a flouring-mill; this year she is adding a large brick-yard.

North Dakota, though still young, employs 1,847 hands in her factories and sends out \$5,028,107 worth of products every year. The next decade will see these figures doubled.

Wimbledon, according to the News, is forging to the front rapidly. Contracts have been let for two business blocks and a whole lot of residences. You can't keep Wimbledon down; there's a live paper there.

Grand Forks has a live way of advertising herself—never loses a single chance. The last is the annual statement of Postmaster Joy. It shows gross receipts of \$90,000. Pouches received, 5,600; pieces of mail handled, 4,350,000. It takes a good town to make that showing.

Grafton's free reading-room has a \$700 backing. A new \$20,000 hotel and other large buildings are among the enterprises projected for 1896, and telephone connections with all the prominent State cities is talked of. Outside of all this is a contemplated daily edition of the News and Times. There are no perambulating graveyards in Grafton.

J. J. Parkin & Company, of Grand Forks, have begun work on a new candy factory that will have the largest capacity of any similar factory west of the Twin Cities. Grand Forks now claims the largest wholesale grocery house in the State, the only wholesale dry goods house, the only woolen-mill, the largest wholesale fruit-house, the largest cigar houses and numerous other industries that are sure to make that hustling city a vigorous competitor for Northwest trade. Another new industry is a factory for the manufacture of Ivorette collars and cuffs—a substance very similar to celluloid.

### South Dakota.

Edgemont has a new national bank.

Aberdeen Masons are about to build a \$20,000 temple.

Milbank's creamery business has outgrown the plant, and the capacity is being increased largely.

An unusual amount of building is reported from Pierre—the result of improved business conditions.

Britton and Alpena have new creameries that are well supported and are now in successful operation.

A rich strike is reported from Rutabaga Gulch, about four miles from Deadwood. The ore is refractory and assays run from \$250 to \$1,000 per ton.

The Plutus, Bottleson and Comet gold mining properties in the Ruby Basin District of the Black Hills have been sold to the Golden Reward Company for \$167,000.

The chlorination works and mining companies at Deadwood have consolidated as the Golden Reward Company and the capacity of the chlorination works will be doubled at a cost of \$500,000.

Only half of Hutchinson County lies in the artesian basin, yet that county has an aggregate of 175 flowing artesian wells. The wells are mostly two inches in diameter and are used for stock purposes, little irrigating being done.

Huron's creamery receives about 12,000 pounds of milk, and makes 525 to 576 pounds of butter, daily. New

creameries are being established in all parts of the State, and are so numerous that it is difficult to keep track of them. It is proving a very profitable industry.

### Montana.

Missoula has a carriage and wagon factory.

Livingston is at work on a new \$10,000 city hall.

Big timber's huge flour and grist-mill is nearly completed.

Hamilton's new hotel, The Ravalli, will be ready for business Aug. 1.

It is estimated that Montana's new wool clip will be worth over \$2,000,000.

The corner-stone of the Soldiers' Home at Columbia Falls was laid May 30.

The Ellen mine at Victor has been bonded for \$100,000, with a lease for three years.

Billings—a second-class post-office after July 1—is reaching out after a public library.

During the year ending April 30, 306 building permits, calling for a total of \$344,857, were issued in Butte.

Within a year the output of the Montana Brewing Company at Great Falls has increased from 4,400 to 12,213 barrels.

The Midnight mine near Argenta has been bonded for \$20,000. It is good property, and the deal will help mining interests in that district.

Two of the largest hoisting engines ever built in the United States are now being erected by the Union Iron Works of San Francisco for the Anaconda Company in Butte.

The Chamber of Commerce in Miles City has invested in 1,000 ornamental shade-trees—to be set out along the streets and in private grounds. That's enterprise and love of beauty combined.

A new corporation called the Missouri River Power Company proposes to build a dam across the Missouri, near Helena, for the purpose of supplying cheap electrical power to that city. The enterprise is backed by ample capital and involves an outlay, all told, of about \$1,000,000.

Dr. Murray, of Butte, has bought the old summer resort at Hunter's Hot Springs and will rebuild on a large scale at a point two miles east. The improvements will include a large modern hotel, sanitarium, and a number of cottages. The water will be conveyed to the new location in pipes.

Nearly 200 men are at work in the Yahk District about twenty miles north of Troy. Sylvanite is the post-office. There are several good properties in this field, and great activity. Development work is being done on all sides. There are placer fields on the Yahk River, Star Creek and Callahan Creek, near Troy.

Belt is prosperous. Three years ago a general store, a livery stable, a small hotel and the irrepressible saloon constituted the town; today there are numerous stores, several livery stables, plenty of hotels, hundreds of private residences, a number of churches, two schoolhouses, and everything else that goes to make a prosperous town.

The Rocky Mountain Husbandman says that it is now definitely known that the end of the Montana Railroad will not be at Castle. The main line is to be pushed along down the Musselshell as fast as men and teams can build it, and its destination is understood to be Lewiston and the Judith Valley. The line is also to be extended to a point near the California mine.

Quigley, the new mining-camp in Granite County, has about 400 population and is enjoying a big boom. It is the home of the Golden Sceptre Gold Mining Company. A 100-stamp mill, a flume five miles long and an electric tramway eight miles long are among the improvements undertaken. The Golden Sceptre has absorbed the Alps mine and 10-stamp mill adjacent, and a large force of men are now employed in developing the properties.

### Idaho.

A rich ledge of gold-bearing quartz on the south fork of the Clearwater is causing a big excitement in that vicinity. It is about thirty-five miles from Kendrick.

The Burlington mine, on Sandy Creek in Lemhi County, has again become a steady producer. The foreman of the mine and three associates have leased the property, found the lost vein, and have several



hundred tons of good free-milling ore on the dump, with enough more in sight to keep the mill running for several years.

The Consolidated Tiger-Poorman Company at Burke is now employing about sixty men. Good headway is being made in clearing away the debris and getting ready to erect a new milling plant.

#### Oregon.

Seapoose has a paint-mill that turns out 700 pounds of paint daily.

Rich gravel mines are reported at the mouth of Powder River.

A telephone line is being constructed from Salem, Or., to Silverton.

Huntington's gypsum plant will be in operation sometime this month.

Monroe has a new flouring-mill, and Tillamook is about to have a big saw-mill of 200,000 feet capacity daily.

A bank of excellent fire-clay has been discovered within five miles of The Dalles. The deposit is said to be quite extensive and steps will be taken to develop it.

A number of copper ledges have been located at the head of Indian Creek, just above Happy Camp, in Siskiyou County. The quartz also contains gold and silver.

The *Times-Mountaineer* reports the discovery of good coal in The Dalles. In drilling for artesian water the local brewer struck a vein of coal, at a seventy-foot depth, which is seven feet wide. It may prove a rich find for The Dalles.

Last month the Virtue mine in Baker County sent in 113 pounds of gold, avoirdupois, worth \$35,000, the product of twenty-two days' run with twenty stamps. A depth of 600 feet has been reached in the mine. The manager says he can double this output for the coming month.

#### Washington.

Everett has a brand-new Mining Exchange.

A cod-fishing plant has been located at Seattle.

The Seattle woolen-mills are now manufacturing shirts, mackinaws, etc.

According to the *La Conner Mail* the commissioners of Skagit County have contracted for the construction

of a new steel bridge across the North Fork of the Skagit. It will have a total length of 500 feet, a 222-foot draw on a steel cylinder twenty feet in diameter, and will cost about \$15,000.

Tacoma now has a cigar-box factory and will soon have another \$50,000 saw-mill.

A hat factory will be running in Spokane by July 1. So says the *Spokesman-Review*.

North Yakima's wool-scouring plant is considered a sure thing. The town has worked hard for it.

Ocasta's woodenware plant has been bought by Eastern parties, who will at once run it to its fullest capacity.

Spokane will have another annual Fruit Fair next October. A mining exhibit will probably be made at the same time.

The Stanwood creamery is handling about three tons of milk per day. It takes in the neighborhood of 275 cows to supply this amount.

A plant for the manufacture of all kinds of spices, extracts, bluing, baking-powder, etc., will soon be established in La Conner by A. M. Holton.

The Chelan Falls *Herald* reports that sorghum can be grown successfully in that region and that a sorghum mill has been bought to work up the product.

It is said that the Friday mine on Squaw Creek, Methow District, is proving a valuable property. About seventy sacks of very rich ore is being taken out per day.

Up to date about 1,500 mineral locations have been filed with the county auditor at Colville. A great majority of these locations have been made in the Colville Reservation.

Correspondence from Colville announces that F. B. Goetter has bonded the Silver Maid mining claim in the Clugstone Creek District. A large force of men will at once develop the property. The claim is one of a number in the district now shipping ore, which runs from seventy to eighty per cent galena. The I. X. L. Iron claim is near this mine, and the camp anticipates the shipment of considerable ore during the summer.

The Squaw Creek mining district is attracting considerable attention from the mining public. Methow, a small mining-camp in Okanogan County, is the center of a very rich district. It is a high-grade camp.

The surface showings are excellent, showing pay ore from the grass roots, and in every instance where the showing was good, there was always a considerable improvement with depth. Shipping facilities are good.

The construction of Young & Williams' new fish cannery at Blaine is progressing favorably and it will probably be ready for business this month. It will have a capacity of at least 500 cases per day.

#### Canadian Northwest.

A linseed mill is to be started at Mission City, B. C. The flaxseed for this mill will be drawn from Manitoba.

The new forty-drill compressor plant just ordered by the Le Roi Company will be the largest of the kind in Canada.

On May 6th the Le Roi Mining and Smelting Company declared another dividend of \$50,000, making a total of \$150,000 since last October.

The War Eagle recently paid another dividend of \$25,000—the fourth dividend paid by the company in a little over a year, the total amounting to \$157,000.

The contract entered into by the Slocan Star, of Slocan, with the Omaha & Grant Smelting Company, is for the delivery of 12,000 tons of ore in eight months. There is said to be \$5,000,000 of ore in sight on the property.

The Regina Mine, Lake of the Woods, recently turned out 204 ounces of gold, in a run of eight days, valued at \$3,500. The prospective output from present indications, when further development shall have exposed a large body of ore, is largely in excess of the above.

#### A Month of Roses and Good Fishing

To travel in the month of June is to travel in the month of roses, good fishing, lovely verdure and beautiful fields of growing grain. No road possesses greater wealth of attraction than the Chicago Great Western, the popular "Maple Leaf Route" to and from Chicago, Kansas City, Minneapolis and St. Paul. It not only conveys passengers to these cardinal points of the central West and Northwest, but it gives them the quickest time and the most luxurious accommodations as well. Everything is modern—from the day smokers to the elegant compartment sleepers. With such comforts distance is annihilated and time unnoticed—though, as a matter of fact, a deal of time will be saved by seeing that your tickets to all points between the cities named read via the Chicago Great Western. Remember, also, that this road is now giving free through chair-car service to the cities mentioned.

## DAILY THROUGH TRAINS

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Chicago,  
St. Louis,  
Des Moines,  
Omaha,  
Denver,  
Kansas City.



Through  
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Line to  
Salt Lake City,  
San Francisco  
and  
Los Angeles.

THE SHORT LINE TO ST. LOUIS.

City Ticket Offices: Ryan Hotel, St. Paul; No. 1 Nicollet House Bldg., Minneapolis.

A. B. CUTTS, G. P. & T. A.

## FOR SALE—Miscellaneous.

Diamonds, watches and miscellaneous goods—We are able to offer a discount of 30 to 50 per cent on the following described forfeited pledges; you find our descriptions for value and condition of goods always accurate and correct; the following is only a partial list of our immense stock of forfeited pledges. At Lytle's Loan Office and Diamond Parlors, 411 Robert street, Room 1, opposite the Ryan hotel:

\$200.00, cost \$300.00—Combination sun-burst; a magnificent piece of goods; all selected and first quality diamonds, pure, white and brilliant; the mounting is a combination brooch, medallion or can be used also for an ornament for the hair. At Lytle's Diamond Parlors, 411 Robert street, Room 1.

\$90.00, cost \$165.00—Three-stone diamond ring; three diamonds, weight 2½ k., pure white, brilliant goods, set diagonal across finger, with graceful and fashionable Tiffany mounting. At Lytle's Diamond Parlors, 411 Robert street, Room 1.

\$100.00, cost \$200.00—A princess ring, mounted with three exquisitely colored and extra fine Hungarian opals, surrounded by perfectly cut, brilliant, white diamonds; this is an exceptionally handsome ring and cheap at \$200.00. At Lytle's Diamond Parlors, 411 Robert street, Room 1.

\$60.00, cost \$150.00—Parker hammerless gun; extra fine Damascus steel barrels, extra fine imported stock, extra fine checking and engraving, skeleton butt plate, pistol grip, No. 10 gauge, 8½ pounds, 28-inch barrel, set diagonal across finger, with graceful and fashionable case. At Lytle's Loan Office, 411 Robert street.

\$5.00, cost \$15.00—Scarf and stick pin; just common little fly, with diamonds in its wings and rubies in its eyes. At Lytle's Loan Office, 411 Robert street.

\$6.00, cost \$22.00—Diamond lace pin, fashionable and unique mounting, with a bright little diamond. At Lytle's Diamond Parlors, 411 Robert street.

Only \$12.00, cost \$25.00—Genuine, regular cut, brilliant little stud; cheap at \$25.00. At Lytle's Diamond Parlors, 411 Robert street, Room 1.

\$25.00, cost \$65.00—Roman gold bracelet, late style mounting, three pure white, brilliant diamonds and three oriental fine colored rubies; this bracelet is rich and fine enough for any lady in the land. At Lytle's Diamond Parlors, 411 Robert street.

\$8.00, cost \$25.00—Diamond ear screws, with safety screw; diamonds weigh ½ carat each; perfect, round, good depth, white and brilliant, with new style handsome mounting. At Lytle's Diamond Parlors, 411 Robert street.

\$22.50, cost \$60.00—Gentleman's diamond ring; Roman gold, smooth glove mounting; diamond weighs ¾ k., perfect, brilliant and blue white. At Lytle's Diamond Parlors, 411 Robert street.

\$60.00, cost \$120.00—Lady's diamond ring, Tiffany mounting; diamond is a perfect blue-white gem, brilliant, perfectly cut, without a flaw; diamond alone is worth \$100.00 at wholesale. At Lytle's Diamond Parlors, 411 Robert street, Room 1.

\$70.00, cost \$160.00—A gentleman's diamond ring; as handsome a stone as you ever saw; indigo, deep blue color; perfect 1½ k. gem; you can't find fault with this stone in any way; the mounting is a late New York style; new, nobby, Roman color. At Lytle's Diamond Parlors, 411 Robert street.

\$65.00, cost \$125.00—A circular princess ring, mounted in Tiffany style, with two pure white, sparkling ½ k. diamonds and three 3½ k. sapphires. At Lytle's Diamond Parlors, 411 Robert street.

\$35.00, cost \$65.00—Three-stone ring, two diamonds, with sapphire center; light, square band; the diamonds are fine and bright, with a brilliant, fine oriental sapphire in center. At Lytle's Diamond Parlors, 411 Robert street.

\$40.00, cost \$85.00—Gentleman's diamond ring; diamonds weigh ¾ k., perfectly round, handsomely cut, brilliant, snappy, perfect white stone, set in the latest style smooth glove mounting. At Lytle's Diamond Parlors, 411 Robert street.

\$75.00, cost \$90.00—Gentleman's diamond stud; the stone weighs one carat, warranted perfectly white, flawless, perfectly cut and extra brilliant. At Lytle's Diamond Parlors, 411 Robert street.

\$185.00, cost \$225.00—Diamond sun-burst, mounted in the latest and most beautiful style; the whole entire cluster of diamonds is of the finest, perfect blue-white sparkling gems; this beautiful sun-burst would lend the same charm to the wearer as a luminous \$5.00 headlight would illuminate the front of a honny bike. At Lytle's Diamond Parlors, 411 Robert street, Room 1.

\$85.00, cost \$225.00—Marquis ring, set with 12 brilliant diamond gems, with an extra oriental 2-k. turquois center; the turquois is as fine a color as you ever saw; it cost at wholesale \$85.00; that is the turquois, and we sell it for what the turquois cost; see. At Lytle's 411 Robert street, Room 1.

\$60.00, cost \$160.00—Circular ruby ring; to give brilliancy to the rubies there are little sparkling diamonds set between; the combination is artistic, being three Persian rubies, one on either side and one in the center, with two pink rubies between the outside and center stones. At Lytle's Diamond Parlors, 411 Robert street.

\$50.00, cost \$125.00—Oriental sapphire ring; set up in the same style as the above ruby ring. At Lytle's Diamond Parlors, 411 Robert street.

\$100.00, cost \$185.00—Lady's solitaire diamond ring; light Tiffany mounting; diamond weighs 1½ carats; handsomely cut stone, perfectly round; nice depth; each facet is cut perfect and accurate; soft blue-white color; warranted without a flaw. At Lytle's Diamond Parlors, 411 Robert street.

\$45.00, cost \$90.00—Diamond stud, weighs a full carat, perfect shape, brilliant and first-class in every way. At Lytle's, 411 Robert street, Room 1.

\$12.00, cost \$40.00—A very handsome opal scarf pin, set up in modern, heavy gold mounting; the opal is an Australian, the shades and colors are fine; this pin is cheap at \$35.00—\$40.00. At Lytle's Diamond Parlors, 411 Robert street.

\$125.00, cost \$225.00—A new style of combination, consisting of gentleman's diamond ring, diamond stud and diamond scarf pin; we have the mountings complete, and it only takes a few seconds to unscrew the diamond and set it on any of the mountings. At Lytle's, 411 Robert street, Room 1.

\$35.00, cost \$65.00—A lady's solitaire diamond ring; diamond weighs nearly ¾ carat; perfect gem; set in Tiffany skeleton mounting. At Lytle's, 411 Robert street, Room 1.

\$35.00, cost \$75.00—Ladies 3-stone diamond ring; a little beauty, with slight Tiffany wire mounting; diamonds weigh ¾ carat; brilliant and fine. At Lytle's, 411 Robert street, Room 1.

\$28.00, cost \$65.00—Gentleman's cluster diamond stud; the design is a star, with ½ carat diamond in center, surrounded with a cluster of diamonds; it makes as good a show for a stud as a 2-carat diamond. At Lytle's Diamond Parlors, 411 Robert street.

\$20.00, cost \$40.00—Solitaire diamond ring; diamond weighs a trifle over a half-carat, a beauty, brilliant, white, and set with Tiffany wire mounting. At Lytle's, 411 Robert street, Room 1.

\$25.00, cost \$65.00—Gentleman's cluster diamond ring, set with 12 diamonds; with genuine Oriental sapphire in center that weighs 1 carat; this is a handsome ring, and very cheap. At Lytle's, 411 Robert street, Room 1.

\$135.00, cost \$225.00—Tiffany wire, lady's ring, 2-carat gem, perfect in color, shape and brilliancy, and warranted flawless. At Lytle's, 411 Robert street.

\$235.00, cost \$600.00—Diamond ear screws; diamonds weigh 4 carats; warranted to be the finest grain. Cape crystals; perfect diamonds, without a speck or flaw; perfectly matched, extra brilliant and blue-white. At Lytle's Diamond Parlors, 411 Robert street, Room 1.

\$40.00, cost \$100.00—Ladies marquise, with 8 fine, perfectly cut diamonds, with a 5-carat ruby weighing 1 carat in center, with a real Persian sapphire, light and snappy. At Lytle's Diamond Parlors, 411 Robert street, Room 1.

\$9.00, cost \$35.00—Pigeon-blood Oriental ruby ring; weight, ½ carat; nice, perfect-cut stone; mounted in light, graceful Tiffany wire mounting. At Lytle's Diamond Parlors, 411 Robert street.

\$15.00, cost \$50.00—Breech-loading gun, No. 10 bore, 32-inch Damascus barrel, pistol grip, rubber-tipped, weighs 9½ pounds. At Lytle's, 411 Robert street, Room 1.

\$140.00, cost \$280.00—Beautiful marquise ring, studded with the finest white diamonds, an emerald in the center that weighs 1 carat; the emerald alone is worth \$75 or \$80; also with 2 fine ruby jewels. Oriental; the style of the ring is new and very handsome. At Lytle's Diamond Parlors, 411 Robert street, Room 1.

\$225.00, cost \$480.00—Gentleman's diamond stud; stone weighs ¾ k. 1-32-k; this diamond is what is termed a big, fat, nice stone, with a high, perfectly cut top, great depth, and as brilliant as electric flash. At Lytle's Diamond Parlors, 411 Robert street.

We sell a plain, solid gold 18-k. wedding ring for \$3.50 and \$4 that will cost you at retail from \$7 to \$9; we make these rings up ourselves out of fine old gold cases and chains, etc. At Lytle's, 411 Robert street, Room 1.

\$35.00, cost \$65.00—Lady's ring, solitaire diamond; weight, ¾ k.; perfectly white, round, nice cut stone; very snappy; light, Tiffany wire mounting. At Lytle's Diamond Parlors, 411 Robert street.

\$15.00, cost \$28.00—Pair of diamond ear knobs; little beauties; perfect cut stones, and very brilliant. At Lytle's Diamond Parlors, 411 Robert street.

\$38.00, cost \$45.00—Gentleman's diamond charm, set up with gold and platinum; the design is genteel and the latest fashion. At Lytle's, 411 Robert street.

Another gentleman's diamond charm, star and crescent, set with 6 diamonds; very desirable and handsome pattern; price, \$12.00, cost \$23.00. At Lytle's, 411 Robert street.

\$48.00, cost \$110.00—Ladies' marquise, studded with 24 perfect little white beauties, 7 real, perfect Oriental emeralds in center; this ring is a modest little beauty. At Lytle's Diamond Parlors, 411 Robert street.

\$4.00, cost \$10.00—Nickel-plated Smith & Wesson revolver. At Lytle's Loan Office, 411 Robert street.

\$25.00, cost \$55.00—Nobby, handsome lady's sleeve buttons; ½ k. white, brilliant diamond set in each button in star; design of mounting, platinum and gold; fancy color. At Lytle's, 411 Robert street.

\$15.00, cost \$35.00—Neck chain and Trilby 14-k. gold locket; fine diamond in locket; chain is tiny and very finely made; 18-k.; fits closely around medium-sized neck. At Lytle's Diamond Parlors, 411 Robert street, Room 1.

\$5.00, cost \$18.00—Gentleman's watch charm; variegated colors; platinum and gold; fine black onyx center stone, artistically engraved; Roman figures. At Lytle's Diamond Parlors, 411 Robert street, Room 1.

\$15.00, cost \$50.00—Roman dagger brooch or lace pin, artistically and finely gotten up, studded with beautiful pearls, with fine pigeon-blood ruby in hilt; the design is artistic and very beautiful. At Lytle's Diamond Parlors, 411 Robert street.

\$2.50, cost \$12.50—Solid gold diamond eardrops, representing a coil of rope, with a tiny little diamond set in each. At Lytle's Diamond Parlors, 411 Robert street, Room 1.

\$10.00, cost \$75.00—2 card brace faro boxes. At Lytle's Loan Office, 411 Robert street.

\$5.00, cost \$45.00—Loaded crap dice. At Lytle's Loan Office, 411 Robert street.

\$10.00, cost \$25.00—One Daylight "Eastman" Kodak; a rectangular picture; capacity, 125 exposures without reloading; this instrument has a fine leather case, looks as good as new and warranted in first-class shape; it takes a picture 4x5. At Lytle's, 411 Robert street.

\$18.00, cost \$40.00—Another "Eastman" kodak, No. 3; capacity 250 exposures without reloading; the No. 3 regular kodaks are provided with 2 finders, one for horizontal and one for vertical pictures; Bausch & Lomb universal lens, having a working angle 42 instantaneous; shutter, having rotating stops and adjustable speed; this instrument is in a nice sole leather case and in fine order. At Lytle's Loan Office, 411 Robert street.

\$25.00, cost \$65.00—An Orchestra S. S. Stewart banjo; white ivory keys, inlaid and decorated with pearl; the most artistic and finest nickel-plate drum; this banjo is almost entirely new, with an extra fine decorated sole leather case. At Lytle's Loan Office, 411 Robert street, Room 1.

\$50.00, cost \$120.00—One Buff & Berger engineer's transit, with tripod and case complete and in good order. Note the following description: It has a vertical limb, the power of glass is 35 diameters, the vernier reads to single minutes, length of needle 14½ inches, and weight of instrument without tripod is 16½ pounds. At Lytle's Loan Office, 411 Robert street, Room 1.

Watches of every description, solid gold and filled, some with very fine adjusted movements, fine pattern of cases, that we are offering for just one-half what they can be bought for and guarantee for time and quality. See below description of 3 or 4 watches to give you an idea of our prices and discounts.

\$30.00, cost \$75.00—Open-face, perfectly plain, 25-year, 14-k. filled case watch; movement is way up in 6; nickel, adjusted to beat, cold and position, quick train, raised gold box, ruby jeweled, ruby center post, ruby palat. Breguet hair spring, patent regulator and large Roman figures; this watch is a half-splitter for time and looks as good as the day it was bought. At Lytle's Loan Office, 411 Robert street, Room 1.

\$20.00, cost \$50.00—Lady's watch and chain complete; small size, 14-k. stem set, jeweled Waltham movement; the case is neat and artistically engraved, and has the appearance of an entirely new watch; this rig is cheap today at \$45. At Lytle's Loan Office, 411 Robert street.

\$8.00, cost \$20.00—Lady's watch, first quality 14-k. filled case, first-class nickel movement, stem set; looks as good as new; warranted first-class timepiece. At Lytle's Loan Office, 411 Robert street.

\$8.00, cost \$25.00—Open-face filled case, Elgin movement, 16 size; warranted a good timepiece and in good condition. At Lytle's, 411 Robert street.

\$30.00, cost \$65.00—Gentleman's hunting case 14-k. gold watch; fine "Elgin" movement; looks as good as new; warranted a perfect timepiece. At Lytle's Loan Office, 411 Robert street.

We will sell you for \$20 the best "Elgin" B. W. Raymond nickel movement, adjusted, etc. in the best 25-year case, all regulated and in shape for business. At Lytle's, 411 Robert street.

\$18.00, cost \$55.00—14-k. solid gold hunting lady's watch; fine jeweled "American" movement; the cases are heavy and in splendid condition in every way, and warranted a first-class timepiece; watch can't be bought at retail less than \$50. At Lytle's, 411 Robert street.

\$8.00, cost \$18.00—Wilkie Collins' complete works, bound and illustrated, as good as new. At Lytle's Loan Office, 411 Robert street.

Money to loan on watches, diamonds, bicycles, typewriters, furs and all fine goods of value; goods sent to parties living outside of the city C. O. D. with privilege of examination. At Lytle's Loan Office and Diamond Parlors, 411 Robert street, opposite the Ryan hotel.

Lytle's Diamond Parlors, 411 Robert Street, St. Paul, Minn.

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Is one of the largest and handsomest cities of the United States. The Republican National Convention meets there June 16. Are you going? Do you want to go by the best, safest and most direct route? Insist on your ticket agent selling you a ticket via the "Burlington Route"—the only route under the same management from Minneapolis and St. Paul to St. Louis. For maps, time-tables, etc., address W. J. C. KENYON, General Freight and Passenger Agent, St. Paul, Minn.

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OWEN EPPLEY, Proprietor.  
All rooms steam-heated, with elevator service. European, 75c, \$1 and \$1.50 per day. American, \$2 per day. Interurban and all Hennepin Ave. cars pass the door. Cor. Hennepin Ave. and 4th St., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

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TICKETS { St. Paul, 395 Robert St., Cor. 6th.  
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**The WALL PAPER Season of 1896**

LATEST STYLES.



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The styles of designs, also the colorings for this season, are much in advance of any heretofore produced on paper. The most select designs and the richest color effects in PAPER HANGINGS can be had at the old established firm of

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**A PLEASED WOMAN.**

I advise you all to have your teeth fixed where you can get a Set for \$8.00; Gold Crowns for \$5.00; Gold Fillings for \$1.50; Gold Alloy Fillings for 75c, and where there is no charge for "Anti-Pain" for painless extractions.

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OVER YERKAS 429 NIC. AVE.

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**St. Louis**

Is one of our largest and most attractive cities. A good time to visit it is at the time of the Republican Convention in June, or the People's Party Convention in July. The Burlington Route is the best line. Your home ticket agent can tell you all about it and sell you a ticket via the "Burlington."

**Nickel Plate to Buffalo.**

The method pursued by the Nickel Plate Road by which its agents figure rates as low as the lowest, seems to meet the requirements of the traveling public. No one should think of purchasing a ticket to Buffalo N. E. A. Convention during July, until they first inquire what the rate is over the Nickel Plate Road. For particulars write J. Y. Calahan, Gen'l Agent, 111 Adams St., Chicago, Ill.

**Eleven.**

The Republican National Convention to be held in St. Louis June 16th will be the eleventh held by that party. The Burlington Route trains run to the principal points in eleven States—a coincidence. Another fact is that from St. Paul, Minneapolis and all points in the Mississippi Valley, the Burlington is the best and the direct line to St. Louis.

**N. E. A. Convention.**

People who wish to go to Buffalo to attend the N. E. A. Convention, who want fast time, the most excellent train service and superior accommodations, will do well to consider the Nickel Plate Road before purchasing tickets. A fare of \$12.00 for the round trip will apply with \$2.00 added for membership fee. Tickets will be on sale July 5th and 6th, with liberal return limit and with privilege of stop-over at Chautauqua Lake. Additional information cheerfully given on application to J. Y. Calahan, Gen'l Agent, 111 Adams St., Chicago, Ill.

**Republican Convention.**

To accommodate the delegates from Minnesota and North Dakota, the Union's Veteran League and persons attending the Republican Convention at St. Louis, the Minneapolis & St. Louis Railroad Company will run a special train from St. Paul and Minneapolis to St. Louis, leaving St. Paul at 3:30 P. M., and Minneapolis at 4:00 P. M. Saturday, June 13th, arriving at St. Louis the next morning. The entire train will be side-tracked at a convenient point to the Auditorium and the principal hotels, and the passengers can occupy the cars for living purposes during the stay in St. Louis instead of using the hotels. The many advantages of this arrangement are at once apparent when the crowded condition of the hotels at that time is considered. The most complete provision will be made for light housekeeping "including gas, fuel, water and sanitary arrangements," making our facilities superior. For further particulars call or write W. L. Hatheway, City Ticket Agent, No. 1 Washington Ave. S., Minneapolis, and J. H. Whitaker, City Ticket Agent, Ryan Hotel, St. Paul.

**Exodus of Artists.**

This is the season of the year when the artist, amateur or otherwise, goes forth to see Nature as she is and try to depict some of her many beauties. With folding easel, camp stool and sketch box complete, he seeks out nooks which appeal to his fancy and provides himself with sketches to work up during the winter. The most attractive field for the artist is along the line of the Saint Paul & Duluth Railroad, which runs through the most beautiful portion of the Northwest, where infinite variety is presented. The Duluth Short Line, as this line is generally known, is noted not only for its picturesque region and its countless sapphire lakes, but also as the people's popular route between St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth, West Superior, Stillwater, Taylor's Falls and other prominent Northwestern points. Its facilities and characteristics are such as to appeal to the business man, the tourist and the homeseeker. Its finely equipped trains leave and arrive at convenient hours and run swiftly and smoothly between the handsomest of terminals, where close connections are made with trains and boats running in all directions. With these signal points in its favor, it is no wonder that the Duluth Short Line always enjoys heavy patronage and holds its patrons. Ticket agents will always be glad to furnish inquirers with maps, circulars, time-tables and general information, or they may be had by writing direct to W. A. Russell, General Passenger Agent, St. Paul, Minn.

# LAKE PARK HOTEL,



LAKE MINNETONKA.

This Popular Resort Opens Season of 1896,

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— RATES: —

\$10 to \$18 Per Week.

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## NORTHERN MINNESOTA FARM LANDS.

The attention of home-seekers is called to the excellent agricultural lands in Northern Minnesota offered at low prices to settlers. These lands are near towns and railroads. Some of these lands are lightly timbered with hardwood; others are open prairie; others are part prairie and part timbered. Soil and climate are well adapted for general farming, stock-raising and dairying. The country is well-watered and attractive and a peculiar feature is the large number of small lakes abounding in fish.

### CHEAP HOMES.

N. P. R. R. Lands in Hubbard, Becker and Wadena counties at from \$2.00 to \$5.00 per acre. Terms: one-sixth down, balance on five years' time at 6 per cent interest. Improved farms and meadow lands on easy terms. Good water, good timber, good soil, good crops, good market. Particulars cheerfully furnished. Address, SHELL PRAIRIE BANK, Park Rapids, Hubbard Co., Minn.

### CHEAP HOMES.

Have large tracts of Wild Lands in sizes to suit purchaser at from \$2 to \$8 per acre, also a large list of Improved Farms at from \$10 to \$15 per acre, in Hubbard County. Farm Loans negotiated, and Taxes paid for non-residents. Write for information. E. C. LINCOLN, HUBBARD, MINNESOTA.

### 250,000 ACRES WILD LANDS

at \$5 to \$12 per acre. Improved Farms. Lands very rich and convenient to railroad in Western Morrison County. Agent for St. Paul and Northern Pacific Ry. Lands. Local Ag't for N. P. R. R. Co. Write for information. W. J. SULLIVAN, SWANVILLE, MORRISON CO., MINN.

### J. M. ELDER, Brainerd, Minn.,

SELLS

N. P. R. R. Lands and St. Paul & Duluth R. R. Lands at \$2.50 to \$5 per acre.

HAS 20,000 ACRES OF IMPROVED FARMS from \$3 to \$5 per acre.

### FOR SALE, 300,000 ACRES

CHOICE NORTHERN PACIFIC LANDS IN AITKIN AND CROW WING COUNTIES. Also 250,000 acres of other lands at from \$2 to \$5 per acre. If you want a farm, improved or unimproved, write me. F. P. McQUILLIN, AITKIN, MINN.

### IMPROVED FARMS AND WILD LANDS

in Polk and Beltrami Counties. \$5 to \$15 per acre. Nearest point to the Red Lake Reservation, to open soon. Have you money to loan on first-class improved farms? Principal and interest guaranteed. BENNETT & STREET, Attorneys at Law, FOSTON, POLK CO., MINN.

### The Northern Pacific Railroad Co.

Offers for sale a large amount of good land in Northern Minnesota adapted for general farming. Some of it is prairie, some is part prairie and part hardwood land, and some is timbered with pine and hardwood. Low prices and easy terms of payment. For maps and information address W. H. PHIPPS, Land Commissioner, St. Paul, Minn.

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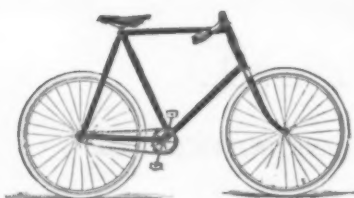
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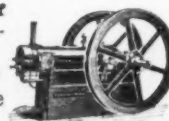
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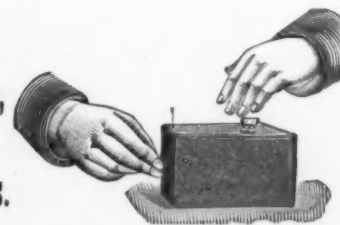


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## SIR JOHN'S ADVICE TO A STENOGRAPHER.

Sir John Macdonald, when premier of Canada, drank too much wine at a banquet and made a wandering speech, which an indiscreet stenographer took in full.

"Tear that up!" said the premier, tersely, when the manuscript was shown him for revision. Then he added: "Now I will tell you what I did say," and he composed an excellent address.

"Young man," he observed, dryly, as the stenographer was going, "let me give you some advice: never try to report a statesman when you're drunk!"

## A DOUBTFUL JUROR.

The Livingston (Mont.) Post says that they were trying a colored man for burglary in the district court over at Bozeman, the other day, when a rather amusing incident happened. One of the attorneys was examining a juror, when the following dialogue ensued: "Are you acquainted with the defendant in this action?" asked the attorney.

"I don't know. Which one of you fellows is the defendant?" questioned the juror.

"Challenged for cause," said the attorney.

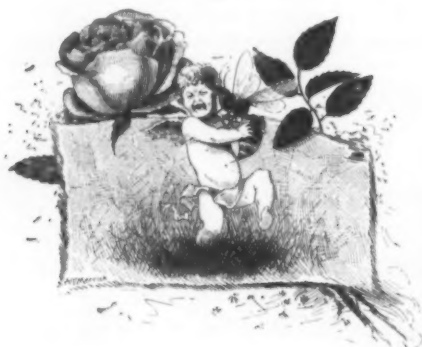
"State your grounds," demanded the court.

"On the ground that the juror is color-blind, your honor," answered the attorney.

"I know of no such ground for disqualification in the codes," replied the judge.

"Well, hasn't this man, your honor, shown that in the hands of opposing council he would be willing to believe that black is white? The juror is challenged peremptorily."

"The gentleman will step aside," said the court.



## A BIT OF PULPIT WIT.

It was at a late quarterly-meeting of the Seventh-Day Baptist churches that two clergymen were to present papers on the same day, and the question of precedence having arisen, Mr. A. sprang to his feet and said:

"I think Brother B. ought to have the best place on the programme; he is an older man than I am, and, besides, is full of his subject."

When the audience remembered that Brother B.'s subject was "The Devil," a cheerful smile seemed to beam around the church. The brethren do so enjoy these little things!—*Whatcom (Wash.) Blade.*

## AN EQUIVOCAL BLESSING.

A traveling rabbi was once placed in an awkward position while traveling through the country.

He stopped at a farmer's house and asked if he could dine with the family. Hospitality reigned there and he was cordially invited in. The dinner was a prime one, in the farmer's estimation. It consisted of a little pig, roasted whole.

From the cut of his cloth the stranger was taken for a clergyman and was requested to say "grace" before the meal.

The rabbi looked askance at the prohibited pig, but disliked to refuse the grace his kind host had asked. At last a happy thought struck him, and he bowed his head and said: "O Lord, if Thou canst bless in the new dispensation what Thou didst curse in the old, bless this little pig!"—*St. Paul Dispatch.*

## NOT LEARNED IN POULTRY CUSTOMS.

Not long ago, says the Fossil (Ore.) Journal, a Portland judge gave rather a humorous decision in the case of a negro charged with stealing chickens from

one of his neighbors. The testimony against the defendant was not very strong, and rested chiefly on the identification of a small Leghorn hen, with a comb that dropped to the left, which had been found in a box under the defendant's house. Acquittal seemed a decided probability until the prisoner himself went on the stand to prove an alibi for the hen. He swore that he had had the identical Leghorn in his possession, shut up in the box, for nearly a year, and that it commenced to lay about three weeks ago and had been laying ever since. The judge, whose knowledge of poultry must have been very limited, smiled a knowing smile at this and straightway found the prisoner guilty—on the hypothesis that it was an utter impossibility for a hen to lay when kept apart from a rooster for a year!

## A NEAT RETORT.

Your clergyman, with many things to try his patience, is a long-suffering man and receives under his vest, without flinching, many bitter little arrows. It is only occasionally that he retorts, and the retort is sometimes effective as it was when the Presbyterian minister at Fergus Falls, Minn., replied to a free-thinker. "How the free-thinking man came to settle in the peaceful and orthodox jurisdiction of Fergus Falls, and how, being of free thought, he remains on the outer side of the asylum located at that place, are questions that cannot be explained."

There is in that city a flourishing Century Club, where the ladies discuss the tariff and F. Hopkins Smith; and, on the occasion of one of the meetings of the club, the clergyman and the free-thinking gentleman were present with other gentlemen guests of the club. Being called on to speak, the guests said many complimentary things, and Mr. Heterodox, telling of the delightful emotions he experienced at the view of so progressive a club, remarked, in conclusion, that he was disgusted at the spectacle in that town of a church which taught infant damnation.

This by way of marking the difference between the progressive club and the barbarous church.

Then the minister had a few words to say. Closing his timely remarks, he said:

Mr. Heterodox has no occasion to disturb himself about infant damnation. It is adult damnation that is staring him in the face."—*St. Paul Dispatch.*

## A "VERDURE OF ETERNAL SNOW."

Mr. J. J. McGilvra, who lives out on the shores of Lake Washington, formerly practiced law at Seattle, and some years ago the citizens raised a sum of money, about \$500, and employed him to go to Washington City, D. C., to urge some matter in which they were interested before one of the departments. Several weeks elapsed before anything was heard from this envoy extraordinary, the Seattle Post-Intelligencer says, and when friends in King County were beginning to have misgivings as to the safety of their agent, the silence was broken by the Associated Press, which sent out the following telegram, which was printed in all the Coast papers:

"Washington City, Feb. 12, 1877.—J. J. McGilvra, who claims to be an attorney from Seattle, in a speech before the commissioner of the general land office today, described Mount Rainier as being clothed in a 'verdure of eternal snow.'"

The next word from Mr. McGilvra was a message to Bailey Gatzert to this effect: "Fundsexhausted. Must have money or can't come home." Mr. Gatzert, who was a man of few words, wired in reply: "Stay there!"

## WRESTLING WITH THE LANGUAGE.

The following is not Shakespearean, admits the Seattle Times, but it is a veritable transcript of a letter of regret sent by a young gentleman whose social position was better than his education, and who, on receipt of an invitation to a little dance, pleaded a previous engagement thus:

"Mr. — regrets that circumstances repugnance to the acquiescence prevents an acceptance of the invite."

He made as free with the language as the backwoods lawyer who, after his opponent had finished a very classical speech full of all manner of reference to ancient works, said:

"May it please the court, My opponent may have roomed with old Romulus, soaked with old Socrates and ripped with old Euripides, but what does he know of the laws of Wisconsin?"

Evidently the classical lawyer had a modernized pronunciation of the first two names, but he was probably not quite sufficiently up to date to say that Kiser sent a message to Rome saying "Waynee, weedee, weekee." Who knows how Latin was pronounced, anyway? It was Josh Billings that said: "Foreigners always spell better than they pronounce."

"Any amusement in this town tonight?" asked the stranger.

"I reckon there's going to be a lecture," replied the grocery man. "I've been selling eggs all day."

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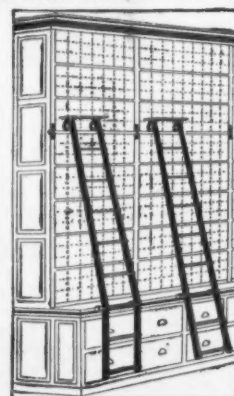
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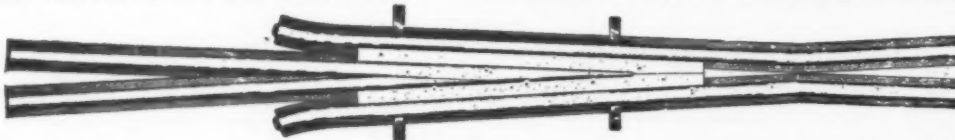
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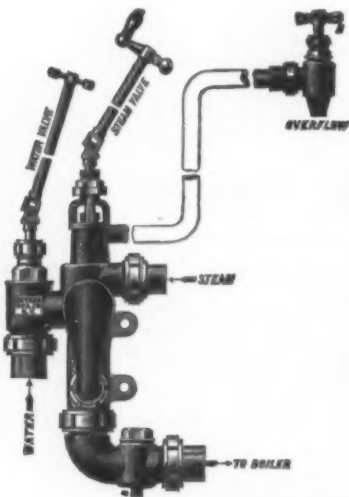
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**ITEMS OF INTEREST.****Republicans**

Will gather at St. Louis June 16th to nominate a  
 Presidential candidate. Delegates and visitors will  
 find the Burlington Route the best and direct line.  
 Your home agent can sell you tickets via the "Bur-  
 lington."

**The Youghiogheny & Lehigh Coal Co.**

One of the youngest coal companies at the head of  
 the lakes has erected extensive docks at West Superi-  
 or, where they handle their own production of genuine  
 Youghiogheny coal with the best grades of Hocking  
 and anthracite, specially prepared for this market.  
 Large consumers and dealers are invited to correspond  
 with them when in the market to buy. Address them  
 at their main office at West Superior, Wis.

**For the N. E. A. Meeting**

At Buffalo, N. Y., July 7th to 11th, it will be of inter-  
 est to teachers and their friends to know that arrange-  
 ments have been successfully accomplished by the  
 Nickel Plate Road providing for the sale of excursion  
 tickets at \$12.00 for the round trip, with \$2.00 added for  
 membership fee. Tickets will be on sale July 5th and  
 6th, and liberal return limits will be granted. For  
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**Mothers! Mothers!! Mothers!!!**

Mrs Winslow's soothing syrup has been used for  
 over fifty years by millions of mothers for their  
 children while teething, with perfect success. It  
 soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain;  
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 Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Be sure  
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**Principles of Arbitration.**

Arbitration is now the theme among English speak-  
 ing nations and communities or colonies, which have  
 so much in common that it seems barbarous to think  
 of appealing to the arbitrament of the sword. There  
 is not a question at issue between the United States  
 and Great Britain which could not be disposed of with  
 honor and satisfaction by both sides. There is no  
 question, however, as to the position of the Saint Paul  
 & Duluth Railroad in the Northwest, and hence there  
 is nothing to arbitrate. Everybody knows that the  
 Duluth Short Line is and has always been the people's  
 popular route between St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth,  
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 erally will be willing always to provide the inquirer  
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 General Passenger Agent, St. Paul, Minn.

**To the St. Louis Convention With the Celebrated  
Republican Flambeau Club.**

A special vestibuled train of sleeping-cars, dining  
 and baggage cars, will be run from Minneapolis and  
 St. Paul to St. Louis, June 13th, via the Chicago, Mil-  
 waukee & St. Paul Railway (the popular "Hedrick  
 Route"), to accommodate the Republican Flambeau  
 Club and their friends throughout the Northwest.  
 Leave the Twin Cities afternoon of June 13th., and  
 arrive St. Louis next day. This train will be side-  
 tracked at a point within two blocks of Auditorium  
 Convention Hall and six minutes' walk to the principal  
 hotels. Passengers desiring to do so can occupy the  
 sleepers during the convention at low rates. The  
 service, in every particular, will be absolutely first-  
 class and all may depend upon thoroughly comfortable  
 and pleasant accommodations, both going and return-  
 ing, and while occupying the cars in St. Louis. The  
 Republican Flambeau Club is composed of leading  
 business and professional men in Minnesota, and their  
 trips to former national conventions and inaugura-  
 tions have always done great credit to the Northwest.  
 The railroad rate is one fare for the round trip. For  
 exact information as to sleeping-car rates and accom-  
 modations, meals, etc., address Frank P. Nantz, Sec-  
 retary Republican Flambeau Club, 604 Oneida Block,  
 Minneapolis, or J. T. Conley, Asst. Gen'l. Pass. Agent,  
 C. M. & St. P. Ry., St. Paul, Minn.

Hopeful Son—"See here, pop! Whatch yer goin' to  
 do with all yer money when yer die?"  
 "Take it with me, my boy," the old man replied.  
 "Jingo! I allers thought yer had money to burn,"  
 added the son as he dodged the family jar.



"Love me little, love me long," she warbled.  
"Yes," said he; "but will you love me when I am short?"

First Barnstormer—"I was hit with a brick."  
Second Barnstormer—"You're lucky; I was hit with an egg."

A negro was sentenced recently for stealing the code of Georgia. It is plain, however, that the fellow had the law on his side.—*Walla Walla Statesman*.

"Poets are born, not made," he said, loftily.  
"I know it," said the editor, "and that is the reason there are so many of them."

Tired Husband—"I've had a terrible day at the office, and I'm mad clear through!"

Wife—"Now would be a good time for you to beat those rugs, William."—*Columbian Falls Columbian*.



OUR MODERN YOUNGSTERS.

"What are you doing there, little one?"  
"Oh, Lizzie eloped with the candy, so I just telegraphed her: 'Please return; everything is forgiven.'"

Proprietor of paint shop—"Well, my boy, what can I do for you?"

Patsy—"Say, mister! wud tin cints' worth av paint be enough to cover Casey's goat?"

"What makes the weather so uncertain?" asked a man with his coat buttoned up to his chin.

"I suppose the thermometer must have taken a drop too much," replied his friend, with a shiver.

"I'll kiss you for my sister's sake."  
"Pray, don't forget yourself," she said.  
I straightway took her at her word,  
And kissed her for myself instead.

Mr. Bibler—"Ju know whash'e matter wishe me, Mrs. Bibler?"

Mrs. B.—"Yes, sir. You're drunk—very drunk!"

Mr. B.—"Mrs. Bib-ler, y're a s-mart woman. You gueshed it—frsh time. Go up one."

A judge recently made the following charge to a jury: "Gentlemen, you have heard the evidence. The indictment charges the prisoner with stealing a jackass.

This offense seems to be becoming a common case. The time has come when it must be stopped, gentlemen, or none of us will be safe."—*Vancouver Register*.

Customer—"See here! The buttons came off this coat the first time I wore it."

Dealer—"Ish dot so? Vell, so many people admire dot coat you shwell up mit pride and burst dose buttons off."

Irishman (at telephone)—"Sind me up tree bales of hay and wan bag of oats, Bob."

Bob—"All right; who for?"

Irishman—"There, there, now! Don't get gay. For me horse, av course!"—*Thomas Cat*.

"In the full light of the sun that has just sunk beneath the horizon," said the Ancient Mariner, "I saw the good ship go down."

"You saw her by the ex-rays then, didn't you?" observed the unsympathetic listener.—*Helena Independent*.

"Father," asked Tommy the other day, "why is it that the boy is said to be the father of the man?"

"Why, why," the old man answered, stumbly, "it's so because it is so, I suppose."

"Well, pa, since I am your father, I'm going to give you fifty cents to go to the circus, and a dime for peanuts and lemonade, besides. I always said that if I was a father I wouldn't be so mean as the rest of them are. Go in, dad, and have a good time while you're young. I never had a chance myself!"

And the old man tumbled.

"John!" called his wife from the foot of the stairs, "what on earth are you singing and dancing and making such a noise about?"

"Matter enough," replied John. "I dropped my last collar button and it didn't roll under the dresser or fall in the spittoon."

"See here, Mayor Smith, this thing must be stopped. What's the use of a license law if you don't enforce it?"

"Well, what's the matter now? What in thunder are you kicking about?"

"Why, sir, the town is full of peddlers—literally overrun with them, and not a move made to stop 'em. It's a howling shame!"

"H'm! I'll have to attend to this. What are these fellows peddling?"

"They're peddling bicycles, of course!" was the reply; and then the indignant citizen dodged down the alley and made his escape.

It was 11:30 by the clock, and it was not a very rapid clock.

"Miss Mollie," he said, tremulously, "I'm going away tomorrow."

"Are you?" she said, with the thoughtlessness of girlhood.

"Yes," he replied. "Are you sorry?"

"Yes, very sorry," she murmured. "I thought you might go away this evening."

In early days one Rev. Mather Byles, of Boston, who was quite a wag, had long petitioned the city

council to fill up a mud-hole in front of his house.

One evening a lusty cry for help was heard. Mr. Byles, seizing a lantern, peered out into the darkness and saw three of the procrastinating councilmen struggling in the mud-hole.

"Ah, ha! gentlemen," said he, "I am glad to see you stirring in this matter, at last."

And then he went into his house and closed the door, leaving the councilmen to struggle out as best they could.

Brown—"This hypnotism is a confounded humbug! I've looked into it thoroughly, and there's nothing in it."

Mrs. Brown—"How did you get interested in it?"

Brown—"I thought it might come in handy to put the baby to sleep."

"Bless me! p'lissman," said a weary reveler returning from a party about two in the morning, as he sat himself on what he supposed to be a seat by the wayside; "thish seat is very dampish."

"No doubt of it, ye idiot! If ye wants to kape dhry, git out of that horse-trough and sit in the well."

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We are selling railroad tickets to all points North, South, East and West. All kinds of Excursion Landseekers and Colonist tickets can be secured at rock-bottom rates by applying to our nearest office. Our passengers for the Pacific Coast have free berths in the Colonist sleepers without charge, and have the privilege of stopping over at Spokane Falls and all stations west thereof, ten days at each station if desired. We sell at the lowest rates and offer the very best accommodations for travelers.

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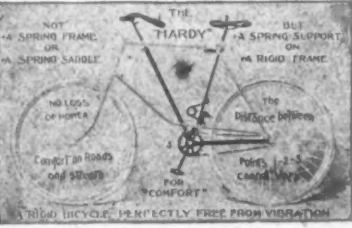
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